

# THE ECLECTIC.

## I.

### JOHN WESLEY, AND THE FOUNDERS OF METHODISM.\*

WE are amazed at the slight attention these most entertaining and pleasant volumes have received in this country. We regard the title as unfortunate. Methodism suggests a corporation in which none of the sects of Christendom have any interest, and these volumes have not the imprint of the book room, which among good Methodists is as necessary as the imprint of the cardinal's hat among good catholics, and so these unfortunate volumes meet the fate of anything between two stools. They are unknown for the most part among the Methodists, and their title repels them from the circles of other religious folk. We beseech our readers to be repelled no longer; they are the most interesting volumes of modern Church history it has for a long time been our pleasant work to read. The title of the book we must take very serious exception to, as conveying an altogether erroneous impression of its contents, and the mission of Methodism. We associate in this country so entirely the work of Methodism with that of John Wesley, and with the corporations of the Conference, that we must believe Dr. Stevens has, like other hero worshippers, given to his great central figure honours which are scarcely his due. But if we take any exception to these volumes, it is only

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- \* 1. *The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century, called Methodism, considered in its different Denominational Forms, and its Relation to British and American Protestantism.* By Abel Stevens, LL.D. Vol. I. From the Origin of Methodism to the Death of Whitefield. New York: Carlton and Porter. London: Alexander Heylin.
2. *Ditto.* Vol. II. From the Death of Whitefield to the death of Wesley.
3. *Ditto.* Vol. I., New Edition, reprinted from the Twenty-second American Edition. London: Alexander Heylin.
- AUGUST.—VOL. I.

because we are desirous of seeing them obtain here what they so well deserve, a very extensive and abiding popularity; there is a great charm in them. The subject, so often treated, comes to us with great freshness, and every page is full of vigour. Dr. Stevens has travelled very extensively over many fields of research. We have never felt towards that most comprehensive of biographies—Southey's *Life of Wesley*—the hostility with which it was received, and is still treated, by members of the Methodist community; but we speak in no exaggeration when we say, here is a book upon the same subject, at least as charming, written by an American Methodist minister, and, therefore, in heartiest sympathy with the subject. It is a survey of the whole realm of the religious movement and phenomena of the last century. Of that whole movement Dr. Stevens regards John Wesley as the hero and the chief. We are at issue with him in the estimate he has formed of the breadth of this influence. We know that many other agencies, which cannot be included within that sphere, wrought out their plans. Dr. Stevens, in attributing the rise of all philanthropic and religious movement to the mind of Wesley, is unjust to other men, and conveys to his readers' minds impressions which are not true. But the book is not less than a brilliant repertory of the religious life of the times. Few things have escaped the eye of the indefatigable and eloquent author. He has brought out his narrative with all the interest of novelty, while he makes his pages the abundant harvest and vintage of every kind of religious anecdote or biography at all illustrative of his subject.

We wish we could carry our readers back to see clearly the old Epworth Rectory; for it has been most truly said, that Epworth, and not Oxford, was the school of Methodism. There was born, on the 17th of June, 1703, John Wesley. His father was the rector of the village. We are not now to give in these pages the lives of the parents of John and Charles Wesley; but they were both eminently excellent persons; Epworth Rectory is the centre to our minds of much touching, beautiful, and romantic interest; and in a day when vice, tyranny, and irreligion, overrode the land, it is delightful to read of the holy and honest doings of the noble people of the old Parsonage. The mother of the Wesleys was the mother of Methodism. She was a remarkable woman, nobly related, and very beautiful. She came of a Nonconformist race herself, being the daughter of the good and celebrated Dr. Annesley. She was perfectly educated—acquainted with the Greek, Latin, and French languages, and in 1689, when about nineteen years of age, she married the Rev. Samuel Wesley. She was distinguished for wisdom, and eminent for holiness. 'If,' she exclaims at one of her evening meditations—'if comparatively to

despise and undervalue all the world contains, which is esteemed great, fair, or good; if earnestly and constantly to desire Thee—Thy favour, Thy acceptance, Thyself, rather than any or all things Thou hast created, be to love Thee, I do love Thee.' Herself and her husband were remarkably independent in their religious opinions and characters. Samuel Wesley must have been a brave man, for when he married, he had but a curacy of twenty-eight pounds a-year. He was, however, an author, and, singularly enough, he seems to have turned his writings to some account. In London, when the Declaration of James II. was ordered to be read in churches, Wesley was calculated upon as a talented partizan; he was poor, living in lodgings, with his wife and one child, and he might, by a little compliance, have obtained some preferment; but he went into the pulpit only to denounce the Declaration, and took for his text,—‘If it be so, our God whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thy hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.’

And his bravery was really rewarded, for Queen Mary presented him to the rectory of Epworth, where, on his living of £200 per year, and his literary labours, he brought up his family of nineteen children.

The story of that Epworth Rectory has a lively and peculiar interest all its own. Sometimes the rector was away from it—more than once he was in prison; during those months his wife gathered the villagers together in her kitchen, and read, and prayed, and conversed with the assembly. The poor rector was frequently in a world of trouble. He was in debt. His rectory was nominally worth £200 a-year, but he never realized more than £130, and the lights and shades followed each other in quick succession. The story of the rectory is relieved by some humour. The Epworth parish clerk has a reputation known to most of our readers. He esteemed the rector the greatest person in the village, himself the next, and especially as wearing the rector's cast-off clothes and wigs. His master rebuked his vanity once by saying, ‘John, I shall preach on a particular subject to-day, and shall choose my own psalm. I shall give out the first line, and you go on as usual.’ John had received a new wig—at that time of large, full-bottomed wigs—and the rector gave out the line—

‘Like to an owl in ivy bush.’

then followed John's part—

‘That rueful thing am I.’

This is the worthy who, when King William returned to London,

startled the gravity of the congregation by saying, 'Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, a hymn of my own composture : '—

'King William is come home, come home,—  
King William home is come ;  
Therefore let us together sing,  
The hymn that's called—Te Dum.'

But there are dark shades in the history of Epworth Rectory. Twice it was fired by the mob. Those were very unsettled days, and very narrowly did the founder of Wesleyan Methodism escape one of those burnings—Mrs. Wesley, in feeble health, with difficulty escaped—waded through the fire, scorching her hands and feet and face, only to find her youngest child missing. The father tried in vain. Meantime the child waked, flew to the window, beneath which two peasants placed themselves, one on the shoulders of the other, and saved him just as the roof fell in, and crushed the chamber to the ground. 'Come neighbours,' said the father, falling on his knees, 'let us kneel down, and give thanks to God. He has given me all my children. I am rich enough ; let the house go.' A quarter of a century after, the rescued boy went forth from the cloisters of Oxford, to Moorfields, to all England, to call the neglected masses to repentance.

And then the story of the rectory would recite the deeds of the Epworth ghosts, too, haunting its chambers—the most inexplicable and unappeasable of all ghosts, since no satisfactory elucidation has ever been presented of them.

The ghost which haunted Epworth parsonage has always been introduced as a standard and stock mystery into every collection of ghost stories. Isaac Taylor says :—

'Once in a century, or not so often, on a summer's evening, a stray Arabian locust—a genuine son of the desert—tempest-borne, we know not how, has alighted in Hyde Park, or elsewhere. \* \* \*

'Why may not this be thought ? Around us, as most believe, are beings of a high order, whether good or evil, and yet not cognisable by the senses of man. But the analogies of the visible world favour the supposition that, besides these there are orders, or species, of all grades, and some, perhaps, not more intelligent than apes or than pigs. That these species have no liberty, ordinarily, to infringe upon the solid world is manifest ; nevertheless, chances, or mischances, may, in long cycles of time, throw some (like the Arabian locust) over his boundary, and give him an hour's leave to disport himself among things palpable.'

It was a much tried family—death often made invasions and broke its calm and peace. At last, in debt and in danger, the poor old Rector died. Laying his hand on his son Charles's head, he

said, 'Be steady, the Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom; you will see it though I shall not.' Little did he think that his two sons, John and Charles, were the two chosen ones 'to raise the altar which had fallen down.' And to another of his children, he said, 'Do not be concerned at my death; God will then begin to manifest himself to my family.' Yet on the day of his funeral a brutal woman, of whom Mr. Wesley rented a few fields, seized the live stock on his farm for a debt of £15.

It is surely remarkable that the Wesley family should have given to the world within a century two such men as the founder of Methodism and the Hero of Waterloo. Dr. Southey says:—

'While Charles Wesley was at Westminster under his brother, a gentleman of large fortune in Ireland, and of the same family name, wrote to the father, and inquired of him if he had a son named Charles; for, if so, he would make him his heir. Accordingly his school bills, during several years, were discharged by his unseen namesake. At length a gentleman, who is supposed to have been this Mr. Wesley, called upon him, and after much conversation, asked if he was willing to accompany him to Ireland; the youth desired to write to his father before he could make answer: the father left it to his own decision, and he, who was satisfied with the fair prospects which Christ Church opened to him, chose to stay in England. John Wesley, in his account of his brother, calls this a fair escape; the fact is more remarkable than he was aware of; for the person who inherited the property intended for Charles Wesley, and who took the name of Wesley, or Wellesley, in consequence, was the first Earl of Mornington, grandfather of Marquis Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington. Had Charles made a different choice, there might have been no Methodists, the British Empire in India might still have been menaced from Seringapatam, and the undisputed tyrant of Europe might, at this time, have insulted and endangered us on our own shores.'

We cannot subscribe to this method of reading history. Dr. Southey seems to have adopted quite a poet's conclusion in the matter. The fact is sufficiently interesting without contemplating the possibility.

We must leave Epworth; it fades from the history of Methodism; but in later years its founder denied its pulpit—preached there on his father's tomb. John left Epworth at the age of thirteen, to study in the Charterhouse School; and at the age of sixteen, 1720, he entered Christ Church College, Oxford. His mind had been much influenced by the writings of William Law, Thomas a Kempis, and — Taylor. It would seem that there had been men called Methodists before the days of these young men. Such a sect

is mentioned in John Spencer's 'Collection of Similes,' published in 1657, and by Gale, in the 'Court of the Gentiles;' the epithet also had been given to innovators in the medical world, and was probably synonymous with our less euphonious word quack. Leaving Oxford, John and Charles consented to go together as missionaries among the American aborigines. Long they were not there to continue as missionaries, but among those woods they were to receive new discipline for their characters, and its completion. We cannot dwell upon this singularly interesting and romantic period of life and history, but we are surprised that Dr. Stevens passes over so essential a period of his narrative. It was on the voyage they found in their company twenty-six Moravians—Germans—and a most hallowed home and rest the vessel appears to have been; it was Epworth Rectory and Susannah Wesley afloat on the Atlantic. But the great event was a storm, which split the main-sail, and poured the great deep over the decks; there was a psalm singing just then; an alarm and outcry arose among the English, but the Germans still sang on. Wesley said to one, 'Were you not afraid?' 'I thank God, no.' 'But were not your wives and children?' 'No, our wives and children are not afraid to die.' To the Moravians must the honour be given of really awakening the souls of the Wesleys to all those great distinctive excellencies and peculiarities of their faith, and life, and worship. Till then they had continued High Churchmen; the Moravians led John Wesley to exclaim, 'I went to America to convert the Indians, but who shall convert me! This, then, have I learned in the ends of the earth, that I am "fallen short of the glory of God."'

The feet of both John and Charles Wesley were directed yet farther into the path of peace by the London Moravians; their mother—their wise and noble mother, too, was their guide still; John went to Herrnhut to consult with Count Zinzendorf; and studied the Christian life in that Christian community. He longed to stay there, but he was called away; he returned to England 1738, and prepared to commence his work in earnest.

Long was Wesley in commencing his work; but when he commenced indeed, he 'looked not behind him, nor stayed in all the plain.' Onwards now from his thirty-fifth year to his eighty-eighth, when at the head of 150,000 followers, and 550 itinerant preachers, he should fall only as a shock of corn, to be garnered for glory.

The brothers began with the churches of the City; but these were soon denied them. They had been examined by the Bishop of London and Archbishop of Canterbury, and were found even too rigid in their ecclesiastical opinions. They visited the con-

demned cells of Newgate, and at last took to the fields. In this they were preceded by Whitefield, who preached in the early part of his career to ten, fourteen, twenty-thousand persons.

It suited the grandeur of his poetic soul, inflamed with all the ardour of holiness, so to preach; he speaks of the sun shining very brightly, and the people standing in such an awful manner round the mount, and in profound silence; the trees and hedges full; the open firmament above him; the prospect of adjacent fields; the sight of thousands on thousands, some in coaches, some on horseback, and all affected, or drenched in tears. Sometimes evening approaches, 'then,' says he, 'beneath the twilight, it was too much, and quite overcame me.' One night he describes as a time never to be forgotten; it lightened exceedingly; he thought it his duty to improve the occasion and to stir the people up to the coming of the Son of man. He preached to them in warnings and consolations; the thunder broke over his head; the lightnings shed their fires along his path; the lightning ran along the ground and shone from one part of the heavens to the other, but his spirit rose over the storm; he longed for the time when Christ should be revealed in flaming fire. 'Oh that my soul,' said he, 'may be in a like flame when he shall actually come to call me.'

But, as we may not refer to Whitefield again, we will quote one other instance of the man's manner from the pages of Dr. Stevens:—

'At London, Whitefield could not long be content with his spacious Tabernacle, but took again the open field. The most riotous scenes at Moorfields were usually during the Whitsun holidays. The devils then held their rendezvous there, he said, and he resolved "to meet them in pitched battle." He began early in order to secure the field before the greatest rush of the crowd. At six o'clock in the morning he found ten thousand people waiting impatiently for the sports of the day. Mounting his field pulpit, and assured that he "had for once got the start of the devil," he soon drew the whole multitude around him. At noon he again took the field. Between twenty and thirty thousand swarmed upon it. He described it as in complete possession of Beelzebub, whose agents were in full motion. Drummers, trumpeters, merry-andrews, masters of puppet shows, exhibitors of wild beasts, players, were all busy in entertaining their respective groups. He shouted his text, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," and boldly charged home upon the vice and peril of their dissipations. The craftsmen were alarmed, and the battle he had anticipated and challenged now fairly began. Stones, dirt, rotten eggs, and dead cats were thrown at him. "My soul," he says, "was among lions;" but before long he prevailed, and the immense multitude "were turned into lambs." At six in the evening he was again in his field pulpit.

"I came," he says, "and I saw ; but what ? Thousands and thousands more than before." He rightly judged that Satan could not brook such repeated assaults in such circumstances, and never perhaps, had they been pushed more bravely home against the very citadel of his power. A harlequin was exhibiting and trumpeting on a stage, but was deserted as soon as the people saw Whitefield, in his black robes, ascend his pulpit. He "lifted up his voice like a trumpet, and many heard the joyful sound." At length they approached nearer, and the merry-andrew, attended by others, who complained that they had taken many pounds less that day on account of the preaching, got upon a man's shoulders, and advancing toward the pulpit, attempted several times to strike the preacher with a long, heavy whip, but always tumbled down by the violence of his motion. The mob next secured the aid of a recruiting serjeant, who, with music and straggling followers, marched directly through the crowd before the pulpit. Whitefield knew instinctively how to manage the passions and whims of the people. He called out to them to make way for the king's officer. The serjeant, with assumed official dignity, and his drum and fife, passed through the opened ranks, which closed immediately after him, and left the solid mass still in possession of the preacher. A third onslaught was attempted. Roaring like wild beasts on the outskirts of the assembly, a large number combined for the purpose of sweeping through it in solid column. They bore a long pole for their standard, and came on with the sound of drum and menacing shouts, but soon quarrelled among themselves, threw down their pole and dispersed, leaving many of their number behind, "who were brought over to join the besieged party." At times, however, the tumult rose like the noise of many waters, drowning the preacher's voice ; he would then call upon his brethren near him to unite with him in singing, until the clamorous host were again charmed into silence. He was determined not to retreat defeated ; preaching, praying, singing, he kept his ground until night closed the strange scene. It was one of the greatest of his field days. He had won the victory, and moved off with his religious friends to celebrate it at night in the Tabernacle ; and great were the spoils there exhibited. No less than a thousand notes were afterwards handed up to him for prayers, from persons who had been brought "under conviction" that day ; and, soon after, upward of three hundred were received into the society at one time. Many of them were "the devil's castaways," as he called them. Some he had to marry, for they had been living together without marriage ; and "numbers that seemed to have been bred up for Tyburn were at that time plucked as brands from the burning." It may be doubted whether the history of Christianity affords a more encouraging example of the power of the Gospel over the rudest minds, and in the most hopeless circumstances. The moral sense will respond to Divine truth from the depths of the most degraded soul, and amid the wildest tumults of mobs. The response may not be heard ; it may be stifled ; but it is felt. Apostles knew

the fact, and ancient heathenism fell before the confidence with which it inspired their ministrations. The charge of enthusiasm applies doubtless to these labours of Whitefield; but it is a compliment rather than a detraction. In less urgent circumstances such enthusiasm might appear to be fanaticism, but here it was legitimate. How were these heathen masses to be otherwise reached by the Gospel? Thousands of them never entered the churches of London. Clothed in rags, their very persons labelled with the marks of vice and wretchedness, they would have hardly found admission into them had they sought it. Moorfields must be invaded if it were to be conquered, and no less energetic invasions than those which Whitefield and Wesley made there, could be successful. They were successful; and the suppression, at last, of the enormous scenes of that and similar resorts in England, is attributable greatly to the moral triumphs of Methodism among the degraded classes of the common people.

And Wesley's strength, although so different from that of Whitefield, seems to have equalled it. Soon he felt that might which was in the consciousness of the moral power he was wielding by the Word of God. On Rose Green he, too, stood and preached in a storm of lightning and rain, which could not disperse the crowd. Wesley's greatness at all times was in his undaunted calm. When he first preached in the open air at Bath, he encountered there the noted king of the ceremonies of Bath—Beau Nash—who, relying on his fashionable position, ventured to come out in the hope to confound the preacher, but was strangely confounded himself. Wesley was entreated not to preach, as there was a great apprehension of serious consequences. There was a vast audience of the rich and fashionable. He addressed himself pointedly to rich and poor—the audience was sinking into seriousness—many seemed surprised, and at this juncture appeared the fashionable *roue*, and, coming close to the preacher, the characterless leader of the *ton* demanded—‘By what authority, Mr. Wesley, do you do these things?’ ‘By the authority of Jesus Christ, conveyed to me by ordination by the now Archbishop of Canterbury, who laid his hands upon me, and said,—“Take thou authority to preach the Gospel.”’ ‘This is contrary to the Act of Parliament; this is a conventicle,’ said Nash. ‘Sir,’ said Wesley, ‘the conventicles mentioned in the Act of Parliament, are spoken of as seditious meetings; here is no shadow of sedition, therefore it is not contrary to the Act.’ ‘I say it is,’ replied Nash; ‘and, besides, it frightens people out of their wits.’ ‘Sir,’ said Wesley, ‘did you ever hear me preach?’ ‘No.’ ‘How can you judge then when you have not heard?’ ‘Sir, I judge by common report.’ ‘Common report is not enough; give me leave to ask, is not your name Nash?’ ‘My name is Nash,’ ‘Sir,’ said Wesley, ‘I dare

not judge of *you* by common report.' It was successful; the irony was too powerful; he was fairly abashed, but recovered himself after a time, and began to bluster. 'Sir,' said he, 'I desire to know what these people come here for?' But up spoke an old woman now. 'Mr. Wesley leave him to me. You, Mr. Nash, take care of your body, and we take care of our souls; for food for our souls, we come here.' His courage quailed, and he retreated. Wesley finished his sermon, and as he returned, the people were hurrying to and fro; but as they said, 'Which is he,' and he said, 'I am he,' they fell back, and were awed into silent respect.

For a long time the Wesleys continued in loving fellowship and labour with the Moravians; but the time came when doctrinally they had to separate, and then Wesley's English wanderings and itinerancies to-and-fro, were preparing for the formation into separate and compact union of a new church organization for the people.

It is necessary in any attempt to form a conception of the early history of Methodism, to look at some of its early preachers. They were a race of men, *sui-generis*; we know of none like them now; their strength was evidently in the possession of the great power of God, and this they possessed in a very wonderful degree. Wesley very early introduced the order of lay exhorters and readers. THOMAS MAXFIELD was the first of these lay exhorters; and once when he occupied the Foundry Desk, he departed from the established routine, John Wesley hastened from Bristol in no little alarm, to check the new irregularity. His wise mother, however, was still alive, retired in the Parsonage at the Foundry. She perceived his anxiety, and inquired the cause. 'Thomas Maxfield,' he replied, with unusual warmth, 'has turned preacher, I find.' She reminded him of her own sentiments against lay preaching, so that he could not suspect her of favouring anything of the kind. 'Take care what you do respecting that young man; he is as surely called of God to preach as you are.' Wesley heard him preach, and said,—'It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good.' He was the first of a band of men in their day how useful! They have left no successors. How useful that element. How much we need it now. Why, as the office of the pastor grows, should the most necessary function of lay preachers and lay preaching decline?

There was JOHN NELSON, the Yorkshire mason, whose conversion is one of the most remarkable of such histories. He had a humble, happy home, good wife, stout English heart, good wages; but he, too, became distressed by moral wants. 'Surely,' he said,

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'God never made man to be such a riddle to himself, and to leave him so.' He walked the fields, agitated by questions; he refused to share the gross indulgences of his fellows; he went from church to church, from chapel to chapel, and to Quaker's meeting houses. He heard John Wesley preach and became happy,—and now he travelled about the land, working and preaching. He was a man of wonderful courage, spirit, and, we suppose, as perfect a gentleman, too, in manner, and in bearing and expression, as could be met with. So great was the power of the artizan preacher, a Serjeant come to mob him, 'In the presence of God and this people,' said he, 'I beg your pardon. I believe you are a servant of the living God.'

A clergyman hired a drummer to beat a drum while Nelson was preaching; the drummer threw it away and listened, the tears running down his face.

He went to Epworth, the birth-place of the Wesleys. Alas, how changed since their noble father taught in the Church, and their holy mother convened the villagers for religious instruction round the parsonage fireside. The clerk and clergyman were both drunkards; the clerk ran to the village ale-house after his master that he might commit Nelson. The people bade him hold his peace; they would hear the eloquent mason. As the clerk became restive, a stout yeoman took him up—'Hold thee tongue, and let us hear him;' and he threw the poor clerk on a dunghill.

They pressed him for a soldier, they put him in prison. 'I cannot fear,' said he, 'either God or devil so long as I feel the love of God as I do now.' Amazing was the excitement, as he was led through York streets; the windows thronged with people, who shouted and huzzaed as if he had laid waste the nation. 'But,' he says, '*the Lord made my brow like brass, so that I could look upon them as grasshoppers, and pass through the city, as if there had been none in it but God and me.*'

They could do nothing with him in the army; he reprov'd his officers for their profanity, and he was imprisoned. He says, 'it caused a sore temptation to arise within me to think that a wicked ignorant man should thus torment me, and I able to tie his head and heels together. I found an old man's bone in me, but the Lord lifted up his standard when anger was coming in like a flood, or I should have wrung his neck, and set my foot upon him.'

Dr. Stevens says:—

'No man, not even Wesley himself, had such success in mastering hostilities; but sometimes they were uncontrollable, and his escape from death seemed miraculous. As he advanced about this time toward the course of Wesley, he was assailed at Harborough by almost the

"whole town, men, women, and children." The young men and apprentices had previously combined with the determination to seize the first Methodist preacher who should come among them, and drag him, with a halter round his neck, to the river to drown him, thereby deterring any others, as they hoped, from troubling the town. A son of the parish clergyman was leader of the mob. A partially insane man had been appointed to put the halter on the preacher's neck, and now assailed Nelson with one in his hand. A butcher stood with a rope to aid in dragging him to the stream. But Nelson's power over his hearers was invincible ; while his voice was heard the leaders of the mob could do nothing. They procured six large hand-bells as the best means of breaking the spell of his eloquence. They succeeded in drowning his voice, when the madman rushed in and put the halter to his throat. Nelson pushed it back, and the maniac fell to the ground as if "knocked down by an ox." The butcher stood trembling with awe, and dared not touch him. A constable who was disposed to favour the rioters came, but on approaching the preacher "turned pale," took him by the hand, led him through the mob, and helping him to mount his horse, bade him "go on in the name of the Lord," "O my God !" exclaimed the delivered evangelist, "hitherto thou hast helped me !"

Nelson was to encounter, however, worse perils immediately after at Hepworth Moor. He was assailed there with a shower of stones while preaching on a table in the open air. All who were around him fled, leaving him as a mark for the flying missiles, but none touched him. When he descended and was departing, he was struck on the back of his head with a brick, and fell bleeding to the earth. He was unable to rise for some time, but being lifted up, staggered away, the blood running down his back and filling his shoes, and the mob following him with shouts and menaces that they would kill him as soon as he passed the limits of the town. "Lord," cried the perilled Methodist, as he tottered along, "thou wast slain without the gate, and canst deliver me from the hands of these bloodthirsty men." An honest man opened his door and took him in ; a surgeon dressed his wound, and the same day he was on his way to preach at Acomb. There his trials were to culminate. A coach drove up crowded within and without by young men, who sang bacchanalian songs and threw rotten eggs at the women of the assembly. Two of the strongest of the rioters approached him, one of them swearing that he would kill him on the spot. Handing his coat and wig to his associate, he rushed at the preacher crying, "If I do not kill him I will be damned." Nelson stepped aside and the assailant pitched on his head ; on rising he repeated the attempt, and rent away Nelson's shirt collar, but again fell. In a third assault he prostrated the preacher, and leaping with his knees upon him, beat him until he was senseless, opening meanwhile the wound on his head, which bled freely. The ruffian supposed he was dead and returned to his associates, seizing as he passed one of Nelson's friends, whom he threw against a wall with such violence as

to break two of his ribs. The rest of the mob doubted whether Nelson had been completely dispatched, and twenty of them approached him. They found him bleeding profusely, and lifted him up. The brother of the parish clergyman was among them, and denouncing him, said: "According to your preaching, you would prove our ministers to be blind guides and false prophets; but we will kill you as fast as you come." Another said: "If Wesley comes on Tuesday he shall not live another day in this world." When they had got him into the street they set up a huzza, and a person caught hold of his right hand "and gave him a hasty pluck;" at the same time another struck him on the side of his head and knocked him down. As he arose they again prostrated him. No less than eight times did they fell him to the earth. His robust frame alone saved him from death. When he lay on the ground unable to rise again, they took him by the hair of his head and dragged him upon the stones for nearly twenty yards, some kicking him meanwhile with merciless rage. Six of them stood upon him, to "tread the Holy Ghost out of him," as they said. "Then they let me alone a little while," he writes, "and said one to another, 'We cannot kill him.' One said, 'I have heard that a cat hath nine lives, but I think that he hath nine score.' Another said, 'If he has he shall die this day.' A third said, 'Where is his horse, for he shall quit the town immediately.' And they said to me, 'Order your horse to be brought to you, for you shall go before we leave you.' I said, 'I will not, for you intend to kill me in private, that you may escape justice; but if you do murder me it shall be in public; and it may be that the gallows will bring you to repentance, and your souls may be saved from the wrath to come.'" They attempted then to drag him to a well and thrust him into it, but a courageous woman who was standing near it, defended him, knocking several of his persecutors down. These ruffians passed in the community for gentlemen, and while still harassing Nelson at the well, they were recognized by two ladies in a carriage from the city, whom they knew; they slunk away confounded, and their victim escaped.

The history of John Nelson reads like the Journal of George Fox; there was much likeness in the spirit and in the persecutions suffered by the two noble-hearted and much enduring men.

Another of those early Methodists was SILAS TOLD, a reclaimed sailor, and pre-eminently the good samaritan of London. His is a story of astonishing adventures. He was a noble, self-denying man, a teacher of a kind of ragged class. His labours were principally in Newgate. He tells how he visited ten malefactors; rode with them in the cart, and prayed for them under the gallows. All sorts of criminals sent for him. Turnkeys, sheriffs, hangmen wept as they beheld his ministrations. The only persons opposing him, the ordinaries. More than in any other similar record, we learn how dreadful were the judicial proceedings of those days. What strides have we made in mercy and justice since then.

Here is a shocking instance. Dr. Stevens says :—

‘He gives but occasional examples, yet too many for a man of sensibility to read. One of them was a young and guiltless woman, apparently amiable and Christian in her character. Told besought her, on the morning of her execution, to confess if she were guilty, warning her that there was no hope for her beyond the grave if she did not. She answered him with “meekness and simplicity,” protesting her innocence. She was brought out amidst the shouting scoffs of the crowd, and placed in a room, where she stood against the wall, a statue of sorrow but resignation, and with no friend but the sympathetic mariner, and the executioner, who “thanked God, with tears,” that the good Methodist “had come.” Borne thence to Kennington Common in a cart, the populace jeered at the helpless maiden with oaths and obscenity, mistaking her religious resignation for hardness of heart. The popular fury was so great that in order to protect Told from it, the sheriff, who rode by the side of the cart, directed him to take hold of the bridle of his horse, and walk between him and the victim. He thus accompanied her to the gallows, comforting her as they went. “My dear, look to Jesus,” cried the good man. She lifted her eyes, and joyfully said, “Sir, I bless God that I can look to Jesus, to my comfort.” Under the gallows he prayed with her; her conversation with him there respecting the murder, heard by the sheriff, convinced the latter of her innocence. “Good God!” exclaimed the officer, weeping, “it is another Coleman’s case.” But it was too late for redress. The cart was drawn from under her, and Told, standing by her to the last, had the wretched consolation of knowing that she died without a struggle, for her body dropped against his side. He published the facts which proved to him that she was guiltless.’

A mighty man was THOMAS WALSH. And he was one of the most illustrious of that noble band. Wesley did not regard him so much with respect as reverence and awe. He was a youth of twenty when he began his ministry, only twenty-eight when he sank into the grave. He had a surprising greatness of soul. He was wonderful in his might of prayer. Those who knew him best speak of him rather as one of the happy dead returned to the earth to converse with men. His education and training had been among the Papists. He fasted and denied himself excessively, and at twenty-five appeared to be forty. ‘Thou knowest my desire,’ he wrote, ‘Thou knowest there has never been a saint upon earth whom I do not desire to resemble in doing and suffering Thy whole will. I would walk with Thee as Enoch did;—I would follow Thee to a land unknown as Abraham did;—I would renounce all for Thee as Moses or Paul did;—I would die for Thee as Stephen did.’ His life was seraphic. His death was not. But life, not death, reveals the probable home of the soul. Yet his death was

most remarkable. FLETCHER, of Madeley had said that some comparatively weak believers might die most cheerfully, and some strong ones for the farther purification of their faith, or for inscrutable reasons, might have severe conflicts. Walsh opposed it, and in the course of controversy, he said, 'Be it unto you according to your faith, and be it done unto me according to mine.' It was two years after, Walsh needed in death the consolatory opinion of Fletcher. His great soul seemed to lie in ruins, pouring out heavy groans from a distressed heart and dying body; but at last life flamed up, and he exclaimed, '*He is come—He is come—My beloved is mine and I am his for ever,*' and he died.

By men like these was the first work of Methodism done; these, and we may say hundreds of men like these, were the illustrious ploughmen of the soil. And how much is owing to CHARLES WESLEY? His brother's extraordinary legislative tact he never possessed; as a preacher he was more eloquent, but he was wedded to Church formalities, and he opposed nearly every measure which contributed to the permanence and organic power of Methodism; he had all the eccentricity of genius; he lived at the City Road Parsonage, rode to and fro, amidst the green lanes and bosky dells of Highgate, Hampstead, Barnsbury, and Islington, on a grey little old horse; he carried a card with him, on which he wrote out the thought as it struck him. He did the work of Methodism, yet he refused to be buried in his brother's tomb because it was unconsecrated ground; he was a man of singular whims and incongruities, but many of them were most innocent. He was a perfect Latin scholar, and had the *Eniad* of Virgil so largely on his memory that when he was provoked he always, to conquer his passion, began quoting it in Latin volubly. John Wesley's termagant wife shut him and his brother in a room beyond escape, and poured forth her wrath in a strain that could not be interrupted; but Charles repeated the Latin of his ancient brother bard so rapidly as to ensure their escape, and to tame the shrew. His power as a preacher was wonderful; for he too had his great moments of inspiration. Mobs could not overcome him. In his preachings in the fields he was often assailed, and cruelly persecuted; he was beset by a mob at Bengeworth; he says, 'their tongues were set on fire of hell.' One of the crowd proposed to take him away and duck him; he broke out with Thomas Maxfield into singing, and allowed them to carry him whither they would. At the bridge end of the street they left him, but he did not retreat; he took his stand on the bridge, and began singing:—

'Angel of God, whate'er betide,  
Thy summons I obey.'

They gathered round him, and with streaming eyes listened respectfully. He says, 'these words did not return void.'

Methodism owes much of its success to its Psalmody, and Charles Wesley is its great Hymnologist. We are not disposed to say of him one depreciating word; but we believe by Thomas Jackson, Dr. Stevens, and others, his excellencies are surely overstated—when he is spoken of as the chief of the hymn writers of our country; we are content to admit his proportionate equality with any, but not his single superiority; and we believe Cowper, and Doddridge, and Montgomery, and Conder, and Cennick, and Toplady, and Robinson, and others, have all equalled him in many, if not in the multitude, of his pieces; still the dispute will always be between Charles Wesley and Dr. Watts. In majesty and splendour of conception and expression, the palm must belong to Watts—in general felicity, and perhaps variety, to Charles Wesley. The experience of the hymns of Watts is more reflective of simple faith in Christ. The experience of Wesley has a more mystical and moonlight tenderness of sentiment. Both glow with passionate love to the Redeemer. Wesley's hymns have all the colours of Moravianism; Watts's seem rather the radiations from still communion with God in the works of nature. Charles Wesley scarcely ever celebrates nature—he retires within himself, or within the class meeting.

There is much of the mystic element in the hymns both of Watts and Wesley. Indeed, how is it possible to write a noble hymn in which that element does not flow. They both ascend very high—respire the airs of Paradise, and sing in its effulgence and light. The hymns of Wesley, indeed, have too much the tone of the class meeting—have more the appearance of being made to sing, and are not free from the charge of often seeming to be sermons, or perorations of sermons in verse. For grandeur of sentiment and expression, Watts leaves Wesley far behind. We search in vain for such verses as those of the hymn commencing—

'Sing to the Lord that built the skies.'

Or the magnificent paraphrase of the 145th Psalm:—

'Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.'

We must think that Wesleyan critics have scarcely read so closely as critics should do the verses of Watts.

Thomas Jackson says:—

'Great praise is due to the excellent Dr. Watts for the hymns with which he favoured the churches. Many of them are exceed-

ingly beautiful and devotional. He had the honour, too, of taking the lead in this most important service; being the first of our poets that successfully applied his talents to such lyrical compositions as are adapted to the use and edification of Christian assemblies. But in the vehement language of the heart, in power of expression, in the variety of his metres, and in the general structure of his verse, he is not equal to Charles Wesley, any more than in richness of evangelical sentiment, and in deep religious experience. The Doctor teaches Christians to sing, with mixed emotions of desire, hope, and doubt,

‘*Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o’er;  
Not Jordan’s streams, nor death’s cold flood,  
Shall fright us from the shore.*’

Whereas Charles Wesley has attained the desired eminence, and thence triumphantly exclaims,

‘*The promised land, from Pisgah’s top,  
I now exult to see!  
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)  
Of immortality.*’

Now, this is surely not just or fair; the Methodist hymn books contain a number of hymns by Watts, which ought to have been acknowledged. And Mr. Jackson, who, no doubt, hundreds of times had announced in public service, from the Methodist hymn book that favourite of Methodism by Dr. Watts,—

‘*My God, the spring of all my joys,*

Should have remembered the verse,—

‘*The opening heavens around me shine,  
With beams of sacred bliss;  
When Jesus shows his heart is mine,  
And whispers I am his.*’

And the future tense obtains a large hold over the blessings abounding in the verses of Charles Wesley. In one circumstance they resemble each other; to speak it with great reverence of such saintly men, they both wrote too many hymns, and put down a great deal of nonsense in verse, by which the genius of neither the one or the other is to be tested.

But we are not disposed to divide by any earthly disputings those whom heaven has joined together. And, we believe Charles Wesley’s place in the Christian literature of the country has never been truly recognized.

The more we look at biographies the more convinced we are that if we can but get into the secret of the life, almost every man

must be diverted from his course, for some time at least, by womankind. These old loves and sorrows, joys and passions, look very cold as we read them on paper—the love passages between John Wesley, in America, and Sophia Causton. That was in its time a painful episode in his life, and when we sing those lines of his, which are a translation from Zinzendorf,—

‘Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with Thee my heart to share ?  
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every idol there ;  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found my all in Thee.’

They may derive additional interest if the reader recollects that there they were penned when the young man felt, as he thought, too strongly, the witchery of Sophia Causton’s bright eyes, and touched her hand with that tremulousness which some of our readers may have experienced, though they have not gone home after to write,—

‘Thou hidden love of God, whose height—  
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,—  
I see from far thy glorious light,  
Truly I sigh for Thy repose.  
My heart is pained, nor can it be  
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.’

Well, the young mystic lived through this—got over it as a man will surmount all things, who believes himself and his trials of Divine appointment. But for him there was a harsher discipline in domestic life. The history of the love passages in the courtship of John Wesley and the beautiful niece of General Oglethorp, is perhaps the romantic piece of Wesley’s life. A mystery underlies the transaction. Still we are not inclined to think highly of Sophia. And, certainly, in the close of the correspondence, Wesley, if he were not vindicating the purity of the altar of God, looks more like a Dominic disappointed in love, than the gentle and amiable John. Southey tells the story very succinctly; and to the later edition are added some elucidatory notes of Coleridge.

In a subsequent disappointment of the heart, Grace Murray was every way worthy of being the wife of John Wesley—most amiable, holy, beautiful; she had an energy of character that might have matched his own; she had already been married, and when she received in her heart the doctrines of Methodism, her husband threatened her with an asylum in a madhouse; he went to sea, and he and his vessel were both lost. She became the matron of one of Mr. Wesley’s three houses where he placed his

ministers. With tact and administrative ability she guided the affairs of local societies, and she reciprocated the affection which Wesley evidently felt for her. How many a home has been ruined, and how many a heart too, by a foolish meddler; Charles was not wise. He apprehended that domestic life would interfere with the public labours of his brother. What will not a woman yield to love. He managed to procure her marriage to one of Wesley's preachers, so that the step taken might be irrevocable. It smote the apostle to the earth for the time; his nature was of iron, but it was molten in that furnace. He says, 'The whole world fought against me, but above all mine own familiar friend, Charles Wesley. Then was fulfilled the words of the prophet, "Son of man, behold I take away the desire of thine eyes at a stroke, yet shalt thou not lament, neither shall thy tears run down."' Wesley saw Grace no more till he was eighty-five years old, and then he allowed himself the pleasure of a slight conversation with her. She was in London, and expressed a wish to see him. Accompanied by Henry Moore he called upon her, 'and although,' says Moore, 'he preserved more than his usual self-possession, the meeting was most affecting.' It did not continue long, and Wesley never mentioned her name afterwards. It is very beautiful to see those fresh spring violets bowing their fragrant heads on the graves of memory. It is very hopeful for eternity to find how much, in age, the heart can remember and feel of its youth.

If a man, any man, cannot marry aright, he had better not marry at all. Charles Wesley perhaps was justified in hindering the marriage with Grace Murray, but it is a pity he did not also hinder that 'thorn in the flesh,' Mrs. Vizelle, from buffeting his brother. She was independent in fortune, but before marriage Wesley was careful that this should all be settled upon her; he also made a distinct stipulation that he should not travel one mile less, or preach one sermon less than before. We can say nothing of that unfortunate union, which was as a sword in his bones for many years after, and has been, through the graceless godlessness of his wife, the solitary possible scandal upon his beloved and honoured name—a scandal as undeserved as it is solitary.

How can we sum up those labours, so indefatigable and incessant! Perpetually some voice seemed to cry to him, 'Rest not!' No home, in any village however beautiful, was he to find. Everything about him seemed to say—'Rest not, rest not! Eternity is before thee, and around thee.' If anything especially beautiful in nature or in domestic life arrested him, he exclaims, 'I believe

there is an eternity, I must arise and go hence.' The principle of his action in life was his frequent saying—'always in haste—never in a hurry.' 'I have not time to be in a hurry,' he said. He moved through the kingdom in the midst of perpetual excitement, himself always calm. His labours were magnificently comprehensive; he did devise a most complete machinery of religious usefulness. Press, and pulpit, and societies—he kept all at work and in motion. He read, conversed, travelled to the close of his career. Dr. Johnson loved his conversation. He was a full-minded and well-built man. He possessed the power to comprehend a large plan, and to attend to all the minor outlines and details. Small in stature, he must have possessed some irresistible majesty, which bore down all before him, 'Be silent or begone,' said he to a party of Papists in Ireland interrupting him; and they obeyed and were silent. Dr. Stevens, in his anxiety to crown his hero, has done unwisely in making Methodism to be the only fountain of the modern Church-life. Let him do honour to its collateral influences, and it will have enough to be proud of in its hatchments. On went the old man; he had stirred England; he had founded an illustrious religious dynasty. His associates perceived in him no decay. Follow him in his journal; it is a noble and cheerful sight to behold the glorious patriarch of the Church moving from place to place. Vast throngs still gather round the old man, for ever young; it is affecting to read his records and his memories. The scenes where the illustrious old man preached often must have been of the most touching description. He preached to forty-seven men who were under sentence of death in Newgate, the clink of whose chains was very awful, but most of whom sobbed with broken hearts while he proclaimed that there is 'joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.' And that must have been an impressive night-scene near Newcastle-under-Lyne, when the silvered locks of the tireless apostle gleamed in the clear moonlight, as he stood in the piercing cold preaching under the village trees to a multitude four times as large as could be got into the chapel. He stands in the pulpit of St. Giles, in London—he preached there fifty years since, before he went to America. '*Are they not passed as a watch in the night,*' he writes. At St. Ives, Cornwall, he finds that good old John Nance, whose house was attacked by the mob, which tore down the chapel in the days of fiery trial;—early days had gone, but he had remained, and there, sitting behind the preacher in the pulpit, he sank down, was carried out, and 'fell on sleep.' Old families that used to entertain him, drop away. 'Their houses,' says he, 'neither know them nor me any more.' As he goes into years, his letters increase, especially his letters to women—that fervid sentiment of

regard for woman known only to loftiest minds, grows in him. And what a delicacy of touch there is in those letters; he talks to them of the flowers that have faded in his path. He writes to one—‘I sometimes fear lest you also, as those I love generally have been, should be snatched away. But let us live to day.’ And to another,—‘I had hopes of seeing a friend at Lewisham on my way, and so I did, but it was in her coffin. It is well; she finished her course with joy; in due time I shall see her in glory.’ Beautiful in those days was his regard for children. When he ascended the pulpit of Raithby Church, where he was often allowed to preach, a child sat in his way up the stairs. Instead of ordering it down, he took it in his arms, and kissed it, and, passing, placed it tenderly on the same spot. Children came out to meet him as he went into towns, and the dear old man took them up into his carriage, and talked with them. The writer has talked with an old lady who talks of John Wesley, who kissed her when she was a child.

Most he loved to preach at Epworth. They would not allow him to stand in the pulpit; he stood on his father’s grave-stone. We are shocked that some charge upon the action insensibility. It was sacramental love and allegiance. He came to Newcastle in his 76th year. Grace Murray had welcomed him there once. ‘But,’ he says, ‘I must not build tabernacles. I am to be a wanderer on earth. But there is another world; therefore I will arise, and go hence.’

The poet Crabbe heard him preach at Lowestoft. He was supported into the pulpit by a young minister on each side, and the poet’s heart was touched by a happy quotation from Anacreon, the Greek poet, to which he gave the holiest turn.

‘Oft I am by women told,  
Poor Anacreon, thou growest old;  
See, thine hairs are falling, all—  
Poor Anacreon, how they fall.  
Whether I grow old or no,  
By these signs I do not know;  
By this I need not to be told  
’Tis time to LIVE if I grow old.’

He retained a noble and impressive cheerfulness. He had plenty of humour at all times; but all of it dignified by repose. ‘Michael Fenwick,’ he says, ‘was just the man for me—hindered from settling in business to serve me—an excellent groom, nurse, and, upon occasion, tolerable preacher.’ The good man was fain enough to complain that constantly travelling with him his name was never inserted in Wesley’s published journals. In the next number he found his egotism effectually rebuked. ‘I

left Epworth with great satisfaction, and about one, preached at Clayworth. I think none were unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining haystack.' For many years Joseph Bradford was his travelling companion, and considered no assistance too servile, but was subject to changes. Wesley directed him to take a packet of letters to post; Bradford wished to hear his sermon first. Wesley expostulated. Bradford was firm. 'Then,' said Wesley, 'you and I must part.' 'Very well.' They slept on it. Next morning Wesley accosted his old friend, 'Have you considered?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And must we part?' 'Please yourself, sir.' 'Will you ask my pardon?' 'No sir.' 'You wont?' 'No sir.' 'Then I'll ask yours,' said the great man. Bradford wept like a child.

The death-bed of this great man was all that such a death-bed should be. It had the sublimity and sanctity which should close so hallowed and saintly a career. His last public service was a letter to Wilberforce, the 26th of February, 1791, exhorting him to perseverance in his parliamentary efforts against slavery. With holy meditations and snatches of sacred song from the hymns of his brother and Dr. Watts, and texts and mottos upon his lip, he took his way 'through the valley of the shadow of death.' As he passed through, it was never very dark to him. As a very favourable specimen of the power of Dr. Stevens in grouping his materials, we may quote the rare death-bed scene:—

'The closing scenes of his life were worthy of its pure and beneficent history.

'On the Sunday morning after his last sermon, he rose with apparently improved health, and, sitting in his chair, with his habitual cheerfulness, quoted from his brother's hymn, entitled "Forsake me not when my strength faileth," the stanza,

'Till glad I lay this body down,  
Thy servant, Lord, attend;  
And O, my life of mercy crown  
With a triumphant end!

'Death was a welcome rest to him, and immediately after he had concluded the hymn, he uttered, with peculiar emphasis, the words of Christ: "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." He attempted to converse, but was quickly exhausted, and was obliged to lie upon his bed. The group of friends around him knelt in prayer; he responded the amen with unusual fervour. Soon after he exclaimed: "There is no need for more than what I said at Bristol; my words then were:

'I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.'

"Is this the present language of your heart?" asked one of his

friends, "and do you now feel as you did then?" "Yes," he replied. "'Tis enough," rejoined his friend; "He, our precious Immanuel, has purchased, has promised all." "He is all! he is all! I will go!" responded the dying man.

'The evening came on. "How necessary is it," he exclaimed, "for every one to be on the right foundation:

'I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.'

We must be justified by faith and then go on to full sanctification."

'The next day he was lethargic. "There is no way into the holiest but by the blood of Jesus," he said in a low but distinct voice. Shaking off the languor of disease, he repeated, three or four times, during the day, "We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus." On Tuesday, the 1st of March, he sank rapidly, but he was to depart, as so many thousands of his lowliest followers had, with "singing and shouting." He began the day by singing one of his brother's lyrics:

'All glory to God in the sky,  
And peace upon earth be restored;  
O Jesus, exalted on high  
Appear, our omnipotent Lord;  
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,  
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,  
Once more to thy people return,  
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

'O wouldst thou again be made known,  
Again in thy Spirit descend,  
And set up, in each of thine own,  
A kingdom that never shall end!  
Thou only art able to bless,  
And make the glad nations obey,  
And bid the dire enmity cease,  
And bow the whole world to thy sway.

'His voice failed at the end of the second stanza. He asked for pen and ink, but could not write. A friend, taking the pen to write for him, asked "What shall I write?" "Nothing," replied the dying patriarch, "but *that God is with us*." During the forenoon he again surprised his mourning friends by singing the rapturous hymn:

'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

'Still later he seemed to summon his remaining strength to speak, but could only say in broken accents, "Nature is—nature is"—One of his attendants added, "nearly exhausted; but you are entering into a new

nature, and into the society of blessed spirits." "Certainly," he responded, clasping his hands and exclaiming "Jesus!" But his voice failed, and though his lips continued to move, his meaning could not be understood.

'He was placed in his chair, but seemed suddenly struck with death. With a failing voice he prayed aloud: "Lord, thou givest strength to those that speak and to those that cannot. Speak, Lord, to all our hearts, and let them know that Thou loosest the tongue." Raising his voice, he sung two lines of the Doxology:

'To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Who sweetly all agree—

'But he could proceed no further. "Now we have done, let us all go," he added. The ruling passion was strong in death; he evidently supposed himself dismissing one of his assemblies.

'He was again laid upon his bed, to rise no more. After a short sleep he called all present to offer prayer and praise. They knelt around him, and, says one of them, "the room seemed filled with the Divine presence." A second time they knelt in like manner, and his fervent responses showed that he was yet able to share in their devotions. He uttered an emphatic amen to a part of the prayer which alluded to the perpetuation and universal spread of the doctrine and discipline to which he had devoted his life. When they rose from their knees he took leave of each, grasping their hands and saying, "Farewell! Farewell!"

'Soon after, another visitor entered the chamber; Wesley attempted to speak, but observing that he could not be understood, he paused, and collecting all his strength, exclaimed, "*The best of all is, God is with us.*" And then, says a witness of the scene, "lifting up his dying arms in token of victory, and raising his feeble voice with a holy triumph, not to be expressed," he again cried out, "*The best of all is, God is with us.*" "Who are these?" he asked, noticing a group of persons at his bedside. "Sir," replied Rogers, who, with his wife, Hester Ann Rogers, ministered to him in his last hours, "Sir, we are come to rejoice with you; you are going to receive your crown." "It is the Lord's doing," he replied, "and marvellous in our eyes." On being informed that the widow of Charles Wesley was come, he said, in allusion to his deceased brother, "He giveth His servants rest." He thanked her, as she pressed his hand, and affectionately endeavoured to kiss her. As they wet his lips, he said, "We thank Thee, O Lord, for these and all Thy mercies: bless the Church and king; and grant us truth and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord, for ever and ever!" It was his usual thanksgiving after meals.

"He causeth his servants to lie down in peace;" "The clouds drop fatness;" "The Lord is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge!"—such were some of his broken but rapturous ejaculations in these last hours. Again he summoned the company to prayer at his bedside; the chamber had become not merely a sanctuary, it seemed the gate of

heaven; he joined in the service with increased fervour; during the night he attempted frequently to repeat the hymn of Watts, which he had sung the preceding day, but could only utter,

‘I’ll praise—I’ll praise—’

‘The next morning the sublime scene closed. Joseph Bradford, long his ministerial travelling companion, the sharer of his trials and success, prayed with him. “Farewell!” was the last word and benediction of the dying apostle.

‘While many of his old friends, preachers and others, were prostrate in prayer around him, without a struggle or a sigh, his spirit took its flight, and the unparalleled career was ended.’

Samuel Rogers, the author of the ‘Pleasures of Memory,’ in a passage in the ‘Table Talk,’ which has escaped, apparently, the eye of Dr. Stevens, says:—

‘As I was walking home one day from my father’s bank, I observed a great crowd of people streaming into a chapel in the City Road. I followed them; and saw laid out upon a table the dead body of a clergyman in full canonicals, his grey hair, partly shading his face on both sides, and his flesh resembling wax. It was the corpse of John Wesley and the crowd moved slowly and silently round and round the table, to take a last look at that most venerable man.’

We have already implied, the eulogies of Dr. Stevens are not always discriminating. He thinks that from John Wesley ‘the everlasting Gospel sounded oftener and more effectually than that of any other man for sixteen hundred years.’ He thinks ‘the journal the most extraordinary record of a human life in the possession of mankind.’ ‘His public life,’ Dr. Stevens says, ‘stands out in the history of the world unquestionably pre-eminent in religious labours above that of any other man since the apostolic age.’ So able and well-informed a man as our author evidently is, should not indulge in such hyperbole. The subject of such eulogies can well bear the most discriminating justice to be done to his memory; enough, that he distances most men. The Church of Christ is a ‘large room.’ There is too much of the jealousy of the Methodist in the book. There is no need to determine the hero’s greatness by telling us that in Gwenap Pit John Wesley preached to such audiences as Whitefield never saw; and that Charles Wesley indited such hymns as Watts could not write.

The work of Dr. Stevens is anecdotal; it is even historical; but it is the work of an enthusiastic apologist. It contains no analysis of mental characteristics, or of theological or ecclesiastical principles; these do not fall within the author’s plan; yet they

might, and they ought to have been included in such a work. There are many references, indeed, to topics, which show the author to be acquainted with the whole literature, certainly the more popular literature, of many of the questions in dispute between Wesley, and Methodism, and their cotemporaries. The value of the work would have been enhanced by less concision. We would not have seen it less anecdotal, but more philosophical. Alexander Knox has given to us in his remarks on Southey's 'Life of Wesley,' a taste of the topics, and the spirit in which the topics should be discussed. Yet, perhaps, no one but an Englishman—and that Englishman not a Methodist—could do justice to the phenomena of that singular movement and interesting epoch. The writer should travel through the wastes of Cornwall, through the magnificent mountain solitudes of Wales, through the dense populations of the north of England; he will find that Wesleyan Methodism is related to the ideas and traditions of race; that it is the especial property of a sensuous but mostly thoughtless people; and that the definition given to it by Mr. Knox—'an apparatus formed for the purpose of cherishing and deepening religious sensation'—is eminently just and true; it by no means, in an equal degree, cherishes or deepens religious thought. We do hope not to be misunderstood when we speak of John Wesley as the Loyola of Protestantism; and in saying this we must remind our readers that the hatefulness of Jesuitism was not developed in the mind and life of its founder. Wesley had the inflexible and undeviating will which determines to obtain a command over the souls of men for highest purposes. He has left an ecclesiastical system to the world which has the rigidity and inexorableness of the mind of Richelieu; disciplined, and illustrated, and enforced by lessons which might have been learned in the caverns of the Manreza, and applied to the more permissible purposes of the same revelations.

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## II.

INTELLECTUAL, MORAL, AND PHYSICAL  
EDUCATION.\*

WE have to congratulate the public on the appearance of an interesting work on education, from the pen of Mr. Herbert Spencer. Earnest thought on this subject is ever welcome. It possesses interest for almost every reader, not only from its importance, but from the variety of treatment of which it is susceptible, and from the stamp of his personality which every writer impresses on the discussion. 'As a man is, so is his strength' to deal with any question of experience and thought; but the question of education, from its essential breadth, and from its necessary practicality, gives play for endless variety of treatment, from the vagaries of the most visionary theorist, to the punctilios of the most pettifogging tactician.

Mr. Herbert Spencer's 'strength' for the discussion consists in a comprehensive superficial survey, clear intelligence, and lucid reasoning; and as far as questions of education can be determined by logic applied to its external features, they are disposed of here with singular ability. The work consists of four parts, each of which has already appeared as a review-article—the earliest in May, 1854; the latest in July, 1859. They are, therefore, no crude notions, but thoughts which have stood the test of time, and are still valued by the writer sufficiently to induce their republication. He evidently regards the whole matter as amenable to argument, and he sets himself to the task of convincing his readers what is the most reasonable object, and what the most reasonable means of attaining it; as if, these convictions being wrought, the whole question was set at rest for ever. Nay, we have not been able to read his book without conceiving a suspicion that his argument is even dearer to him than his subject; or, at least, that his subject is dearer to him as the ground of argumentative discussion than in its more emotional aspects.

The first chapter is occupied with the question—'What knowledge is of most worth?' Before entering on the detail of this discussion, we must make a decided protest against the criterion

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\* *Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical.* By Herbert Spencer, author of 'Social Statics,' 'The Principles of Psychology,' and 'Essays: Scientific, Political, and Speculative.' G. Mainwaring, 8 King William Street, Strand. May, 1861.

by which he judges the relative value of different kinds of knowledge. He estimates them on consideration of what a man *has to do*; we would estimate them on the consideration of what a man *may be*. He classifies in the order of their importance the leading kinds of activity which constitute human life:—

‘They may be arranged into:—1. Those activities which directly minister to self-preservation; 2. Those activities which, by securing the necessities of life, indirectly minister to self-preservation; 3. Those activities which have for their end the rearing and discipline of offspring; 4. Those activities which are involved in the maintenance of proper social and political relations; 5. Those miscellaneous activities which fill up the leisure part of life, devoted to the gratification of the tastes and feelings.

‘That these stand in something like their true order of subordination, it needs no long consideration to show. The actions and precautions by which, from moment to moment, we secure personal safety must clearly take precedence of all others.

‘That next after direct self-preservation comes the indirect self-preservation, which consists in acquiring the means of living, none will question. That a man’s industrial functions must be considered before his parental ones, is manifest from the fact that, generally speaking, the discharge of the parental functions is made possible only by the previous discharge of the industrial ones.

‘As the family comes before the state in order of time,—as the bringing up of children is possible before the state exists, or when it has ceased to be, whereas the state is rendered possible only by the bringing up of children; it follows that the duties of a parent demand closer attention than those of the citizen.’

‘Those forms of pleasurable occupation which fill up the leisure left by graver occupations—the enjoyments of music, poetry, painting, &c.—manifestly imply a pre-existing state of society.’ ‘And consequently, that part of human conduct which constitutes good citizenship, is of more moment than that which goes out in accomplishments or exercise of the tastes; and in education, preparation for the one must rank before preparation for the other.’

We have quoted largely from the exposition of the principles on which Mr. Spencer estimates the value of the several appliances of education, because this constitutes the basis of the whole work, and we wish to do it justice. We would fain have quoted *more* largely, in order to justify *ourselves* in the suspicion that the nature of his work, and the consciousness of his power to give it perfection, has been its main attraction to the artificer. The construction of the whole fabric of this argument is so perfect—the several constituents are poised so skillfully, each in the only place it could fitly occupy—the interstices are pointed with such exqui-

site completeness, that, as a fabric, it cannot fail to inspire its architect with a secret joy. Looking at it with the eye of a 'son of toil,' daily occupied with the laborious functions of a teacher, we confess to somewhat of the impatience with which Harry Hotspur, breathless and faint with extreme toil, bore the questioning of one not 'himself a soldier.'

'Of course,' continues Mr. Spencer, 'the ideal of education is—complete preparation in all these divisions.' This is not our ideal. We would rather think of education as that which is to make a man the best, the highest, the wisest, that he is capable of being; leaving the objective excellence to develop itself in course of nature from the subjective completeness.

This material difference of position, of course, gives a very material difference of appearance to the several studies and exercises proposed for employment in education, and places us at antagonism with Mr. Spencer on almost every page of his first chapter.

He opens it by reference to the saying that 'decoration precedes dress;' and cites divers exemplifications of this fact, in the Orinoco Indian, who, regardless of personal comfort, will work for a fortnight to procure the means of painting his skin—in wild Indians, who will purchase beads rather than broadcloth—in Captain Speke's Africans, who strutted about in goat-skin mantles when the weather was fine, but when it was wet, folded them up and shivered in the rain—in the Greek schools, where music, poetry, and rhetoric preceded philosophy. Then he brings home the charge of this folly:—

'Men dress their children's minds as they do their bodies, in the prevailing fashion. As the Orinoco Indian puts on paint before leaving his hut, not with a view to any direct benefit, but because he would be ashamed to be seen without it; so, a boy's drilling in Latin, and Greek is insisted on, not because of their intrinsic value, but that he may not be disgraced by being found ignorant of them—that he may have "the education of a gentleman"—the badge marking a certain social position, and bringing a consequent respect.

'This parallel is still more forcibly displayed in the case of the other sex.'

Mr. Spencer considers that whereas, originally, personal adornment occupied the attention of both sexes equally, the useful is now taking due precedence of the decorative both in the dress and the education of men:—

'In neither direction has this change gone so far with women. The wearing of ear-rings, finger rings, bracelets; the elaborate dressings of the hair, the immense labour employed in making habiliments sufficiently attractive; and the great discomfort that will be sub-

mitted to for the sake of conformity ; show how greatly, in the attiring of women, the desire of approbation overrides the desire for warmth and convenience. And similarly in their education, the immense preponderance of "accomplishments" proves how here, too, use is subordinated to display. Dancing, deportment, the piano, singing, drawing,—what a large space do these occupy ! If you ask why Italian and German are learnt, you will find that, under all the sham reasons given, the real reason is that a knowledge of those tongues is thought lady-like. It is not that the books written in them may be utilized, which they scarcely ever are ; but that Italian and German songs may be sung, and that the extent of the attainment may bring whispered admiration. The births, deaths, and marriages of kings, and other like historic trivialities, are committed to memory, not because of any direct benefits that can possibly result from knowing them ; but because society considers them parts of a good education—because the absence of such knowledge may bring the contempt of others. When we have named reading, writing, spelling, grammar, arithmetic, and sewing, we have named about all the things a girl is taught with a view to their actual uses in life ; and even some of these have more reference to the good opinion of others than to immediate personal welfare.'

We will not stay to inquire whether, if the preference of decoration to dress, thus proved to be common to all uncultivated nations, and to have withstood the enlightenment of both Greek and English civilization, may not be essentially human. Or, if it must be denounced as perversity and folly, whether Mr. Spencer has not himself furnished the proof that it is too inherent to be reasoned down. On his principle, that the education which prepares for direct self-preservation, is of first importance, certainly defence must take precedence of appearance. But on our theory, that education is to make a man as good, wise, and agreeable, as he can be made, we hail the learning which enables him to present himself before his fellows under the most pleasing aspects, and the morals which dictate conformity to prevailing tastes, rather than the obtrusion of personal convictions, however reasonable they may be.

Consistent with his views on this matter, is Mr. Spencer's summary condemnation of the education of girls. In the name of many hundreds of cultivated women, who bring high intelligence to the choice of what girls shall be taught, and practical wisdom to its adaptation in the development of mental and moral character, we protest indignantly against the taunt of 'sham reasons given' to hide their 'preference for such studies as will flatter their own and their pupil's vanity.' What does Mr. Spencer mean by 'utilized,' 'actual uses.' He seems to confine the terms to the merely material. To our conviction, the girl whose music and

drawing, whose Italian, and German, and History, have quickened thought, strengthened judgment, stimulated and regulated her emotional nature, and refined her tastes, has 'utilized' these accomplishments as much as her reading, writing, and sewing. We ask what they have made her, not what they have made her able to do; and we are content if we find that they have given her a charm which makes her 'a joy' wherever she appears.

This test of educational processes by what a man has to do, meets us in another objectionable form in the choice of studies for boys. Mr. Spencer would banish all studies that will be of no use in after-life. The probability that a boy will not be able to turn his Greek and Latin to practical account in a commercial office, he considers sufficient reason for striking out Greek and Latin from the list of his lessons. We contend that, though a boy may open a Greek classic for the last time in preparation for a class at school, he may be so much the better for the study, that he will enter a commercial office to grasp more readily the practicalities of business, both in their detail and their comprehensiveness, calculate more accurately, and speculate more wisely, as well as throw more enjoyment into all the relations he sustains in social and domestic life.

We object, however, in *toto*, to this perpetual reference to utility. Its tendency is to limit, to materialize, and so to degrade; whereas education should exalt, expand, improve. Intellectuality suffers almost as much as morality from self-contemplation, and estimation of effects.

Mr. Spencer advocates with some earnestness the primary importance of the science of physiology as a branch of education, because 'it subserves self-preservation.' Indeed this seems to be his single panacea for the first great purpose of life. His curriculum for the second—'indirect self-preservation'—is more copious. He prescribes reading, writing, and arithmetic, practical mathematics, the physical sciences, particularly biology, and the 'science of society.' The several grounds on which he advocates these respective studies, are put in a somewhat original and very interesting light, and we cordially recommend them to the consideration of parents and masters. He sums up this division of his subject thus:—

'That which our school-courses have almost entirely left out, we thus find to be that which most nearly concerns the business of life. Our industries would cease, were it not for the information which men begin to acquire, as they best may, after their education is said to be finished. And were it not for this information, from age to age accumulated and spread by unofficial means, these industries would

never have existed. Had there been no teaching but what goes on in our public schools, England would now be what it was in feudal times. That increasing acquaintance with the laws of phenomena, which has through successive ages enabled us to subjugate nature to our needs, and in these days gives the common labourer comforts which a few centuries ago kings could not purchase, is scarcely in any degree owed to the appointed means of instructing our youth. The vital knowledge—that by which we have grown as a nation to what we are, and which now underlies our whole existence—is a knowledge that has got itself taught in nooks and corners ; while the ordained agencies for teaching have been mumbling little else than dead formularies.’

From the views in this passage we must express our entire dissent. We consider that the subjects of study advocated as nearly concerned with the business of life, are in many respects unsuitable to form part of school courses. Nor is there any danger that our industries will suffer from their absence, as the instruction prevalent in schools subserves the business of life much better, by quickening and training the faculties of the pupil, and teaching him how to learn, so that he shall enter on his apprenticeship to the particular business of life which may fall to his lot (and no school course can obviate the necessity of such apprenticeship), with intelligence to see what knowledge will best assist him, and with power to appropriate it. The intelligence which has enabled England to make herself what she is, is mainly owing to the fact that her youth pass from school to industrial pursuits, not with the technical knowledge of what they have to do, but with intelligence, habits of thought, cultivated sagacity, respect for labour, and love of truth and justice.

In Mr. Spencer’s pictures of fathers and mothers, in his third division—knowledge in preparation for parenthood—we do not recognize the average character of parents in England. Among all classes a much higher intelligence and thoughtfulness prevails. The strictures are excellent in themselves, but we fear he will turn aside many readers by requiring them to charge themselves with egregious folly as a preliminary to the appropriation of his lessons.

In his section on knowledge as a preparation for the functions of citizen, our writer again falls into the error of attributing too little importance to that which improves the learner, and demanding direct adaptation to that which he will have to do. Having expatiated on the utter valuelessness of a knowledge of history, as it is usually taught, he supposes his reader to object—‘These are facts—interesting facts ;’ and rejoins—

‘Without doubt they are facts (such, at least, as are not wholly or

partially fictions); and to many they may be interesting facts. But this by no means implies that they are valuable. Factitious and morbid opinion often gives seeming value to things that have scarcely any.' 'There are those who give high prices for the relics of celebrated murderers. Will it be contended that such a taste is a measure of value? If not, then it must be admitted that the liking felt for certain classes of historical facts is no proof of their worth; and that we must test their worth as we test the worth of other facts, by asking *to what uses* they are applicable. Were some one to tell you that your neighbours' cat kittened yesterday, you would say the information was valueless. Fact though it might be, you would call it an utterly useless fact—a fact that could in no way influence your actions in life—a fact that would not help you in learning how to live completely. Well, apply the same test to the great mass of historical facts, and you will get the same result. They are facts from which no conclusions can be drawn—*unorganizable facts*: and therefore facts of no service in establishing principles of conduct, which is the chief use of facts. Read them if you like, for amusement; but do not flatter yourself they are instructive.'

We protest against this desecration of one of the most vital studies of youth into a mere machine for the manufacture of principles of conduct. Save us from the boys and girls who are instructed to deduce principles of conduct from the facts of history, and throw aside as chaff all from which no morality can be squeezed. Give us the boys and girls whose souls have been kindled by the story of heroism, whose indignation has been roused by the tale of oppression, who have sympathized with the struggle for freedom, and triumphed in its success; and we will give the citizens who, if they have not 'deduced principles of conduct' from their history lessons, have been educated to know the meaning of what is going on in the political world, and are ready with heart and hand for every duty of citizenship.

We fully accord with Mr. Spencer's views of what really constitutes history—that the doings of the king must not fill the entire picture, to which the national life forms but an obscure background; that we must be told of the relation of class to class, indicated by social observances, in titles, salutations, and forms of address—of popular life within doors and without doors—of the superstitions, and of the industrial system; but a pretty extensive acquaintance with school-books qualifies us to deny that all this is usually omitted in histories for the instruction of youth. And very sorry should we be to teach from a school history which should 'give an account of the Government, with as little as possible of gossip about the men who officered it.'

Mr. Spencer strongly disavows a conclusion which he thinks

may be drawn from his previous remarks, that he slights the less essential studies—Nature, Literature, and the Fine Arts ; but he dismisses the consideration of them pretty summarily, with the dogma, ‘As they occupy the leisure part of life, so should they occupy the leisure part of education.’ We fear none of them will stand the test. ‘To what uses are they applicable?’ We fear they are ‘unorganizable’ studies ; ‘and, therefore,’ studies ‘of no service in establishing principles of conduct, which is the chief use of’ studies.

The first burst of enthusiasm we meet with in the book, appears in the advocacy of science as an element of education. His demolition of the opinion that science and poetry are opposed is eloquent. We quote a few periods :—

‘Whoso will dip into Hugh Miller’s works on geology, or read Mr. Lewes’s “Sea-side Studies,” will perceive that science excites poetry rather than extinguishes it.’

‘Think you that a drop of water, which to the vulgar eye is but a drop of water, loses anything in the eye of the physicist, who knows that its elements are held together by a force which, if suddenly liberated, would produce a flash of lightning ?

‘Think you that the rounded rock marked with parallel scratches calls up as much poetry in an ignorant mind as in the mind of a geologist, who knows that over this rock a glacier slid a million of years ago ? The truth is, that those who have never entered upon scientific pursuits are blind to most of the poetry by which they are surrounded.’

‘Sad, indeed, it is to see how men occupy themselves with trivialities, and are indifferent to the grandest phenomena—care not to understand the architecture of the heavens ; but are deeply interested in some contemptible controversy about the intrigues of Mary Queen of Scots—are learnedly critical over a Greek ode, and pass by without a glance that grand epic written by the finger of God upon the strata of the earth.’

We confess ourselves sufficiently stoical to be able, without any saddening of the spirit, to contemplate the fact that men read more of History and Biography, and even the fictitious representations of human beings in critical circumstances, than of the scientific disquisitions Mr. Spencer values so highly. This is the truthful representation of the fact he alludes to. It is not a perverse turning from an inscription of the finger of God to trivialities. The earth was made for man, not man for the earth ; and the creative finger of God is as much concerned with the productions of the ‘beings that we are,’ as with the earth and heavens. Nevertheless, the argument of the book has produced a strong conviction that education would gain much by a larger

infusion of the scientific element, and we commend its consideration to all who are occupied in teaching.

In some points of his advocacy of science however, Mr. Spencer presses the study with all the unfairness of a partisan. In demonstrating its superiority to 'language-learning,' for instance, he recognizes one advantage only in the latter—that of strengthening the memory—and then shows that science will do this equally well; that 'the number of compound substances, to which chemistry daily adds, is so great that few, save professors, can enumerate them; and to recollect the atomic constitution of affinities of all these compounds, is scarcely possible without making chemistry the occupation of life.' No practical teacher would have spoken thus; the strengthening of memory is merely a collateral accidental advantage in language-learning. Mr. Spencer has himself most justly pronounced against the use of grammar as a lesson for children, as contradicting the order in which nature develops the faculties; but if this study address itself mainly to memory, his argument falls pointless. Every practical teacher knows that grammar is most difficult of apprehension to a partially developed understanding, because it is so scientific, and because its science deals not with matter, but with intangible realities. Language is an exquisitely beautiful art, based on exceedingly recondite science. The study makes the 'constant appeal to individual reason,' and furnishes the peculiar intellectual and moral discipline which Mr. Spencer justly attributes to scientific study.

The second chapter, on intellectual education, opens with an interesting discussion of the relation between educational systems and the social conditions with which they have co-existed. 'When "believe, and ask no questions," was the maxim of the Church, it was fitly the maxim of the school.' Protestantism has 'made juvenile instruction a process of exposition addressed to the understanding.' 'A discipline of unlimited autocracy, upheld by rods and ferules, and the black-hole,' is congenial with a state of political despotism. 'In the ascetic days, when men acted on the greatest misery principle,' 'the best education was that which most thwarted the wishes of children, and cut short spontaneous activity;' whilst now that 'happiness is coming to be regarded as a legitimate aim,' 'parents and teachers are beginning to see that childish desires may be gratified, childish sports encouraged, and that the tendencies of the growing mind are not quite so diabolical as was supposed.' 'The tendency towards assertion of individuality, which, after contributing to produce the great Protestant movement,' 'has since gone to produce an ever-increasing number of sects,' which 'led to the Baconian rebellion against the

schools, and has since originated sundry new systems of thought, 'has caused divisions and accumulation of methods in education also.'

Mr. Spencer does not regret this 'dissent in education,' he recognizes a better agency for finding the true method in the researches of independent thinkers, 'each struck with some new thought,' 'each fertile in expedients to test its correctness' and manifest its success, 'each merciless in his criticism of the rest.'

In plans for intellectual education, Mr. Spencer does more justice to modern improvement than in the choice of material; he admits that the forcing system is declining—that precocity is beginning to be discouraged—that 'we are discovering the wisdom of the saying that one secret in education is 'to know how wisely to lose time.' He grants that 'learning by rote is falling into discredit,' and that 'rule-teaching is now condemned as merely empirical knowledge.' He does full justice to the benefit of this change, illustrating in his own clear way, and with the aid of striking analogies, the difference between 'a mind of rules,' and 'a mind of principles.' We hail him as a brother reformer, when he denounces 'the intensely stupid custom of teaching grammar to children' as a gross violation of the self-evident principle that education should be conducted in the order in which Nature develops mental power. 'True education,' he says, 'is practicable only by a true philosopher.' 'The mind develops; like all things that develop, it progresses from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous;' consequently we must not only proceed from the simple to the combined in teaching every branch of knowledge, but we should do the same with knowledge as a whole.

In the further illustration of this principle, he exposes an error which has been extensively disastrous both to teachers and pupils, and which has destroyed the value of many a good class-book.

'To say that our lessons ought to start from the concrete, and end in the abstract, may be considered as in part a repetition of foregoing principles. Nevertheless, it is a maxim that must be stated if with no other view than with the view of showing in certain cases what are truly the simple and the complex. For, unfortunately, there has been much misunderstanding upon this point. General formulas which men have devised to express groups of details, and which have severally simplified their conceptions by uniting many facts into one fact, they have supposed must simplify the conceptions of a child also. They have forgotten that a generalization is simple only in comparison with the whole mass of particular truths it comprehends—that it is more complex than any one of these truths taken singly—that only after many of these simple truths have been acquired does the generalization ease the memory and help the reason—and that to a mind not pos-

sessing these single truths it is necessarily a mystery. Thus confounding two kinds of simplification teachers have constantly erred by setting out with "first principles," a proceeding essentially, though not apparently, at variance with the primary rule, which implies that the mind should be introduced to principles through the medium of examples, and so should be led from the particular to the general—from the concrete to the abstract.'

If Mr. Spencer had given us only this one paragraph he would have conferred an inestimable benefit on teachers; we trust that this clear exposure of the subtle essence of an error which has given many a teacher and pupil weary hours of useless toil will be productive of much good.

This portion of the volume is rich in valuable suggestions; we strongly recommend the study of it to teachers. His advocacy of making education a process of self-development is excellent.

When, however, his subject carries him out of his own domain—clear logic—he becomes either narrow or extreme. There is much in humanity that logic cannot touch, and much in education that science cannot regulate.

We think the following principle greatly overstated:—

'As a final test by which to judge any plan of culture should come the question—"Does it create a pleasurable excitement in the pupils?" In respect to the knowing faculties we may confidently trust in the general law, that under normal conditions, healthful action is pleasurable, while action which gives pain is not healthful.' 'The repugnance to this and that study which vex the ordinary teacher are not innate, but result from his unwise system.

Learning requires labour in a child as well as in an adult; and no child ever continues day after day through all its school course in so 'normal a condition' of physics, metaphysics, and ethics, that action on normal principles is always pleasurable to him.

There is an excellent dissertation, illustrated by well-chosen examples, of the power of sympathy in education, but he must have even sympathy *scientifically* exercised. Of the stupid mismanagement of children which often occurs from inability to appreciate the experience of a child, he asks—'How can it be otherwise, when parents know nothing about psychology?' And having, in contrast, drawn a beautiful picture of a mother teaching her infant boy, encouraging him to efforts of apprehension and judgment, 'laughing at him a little for his failures,' he leaves us to infer that she was deeply read in psychology. But, continuing to look on his picture, for it is very pretty, we do not see any indications that this young mother knew anything of the science of the soul; she does not appear to us to laugh at all scientifically,

and we are strongly tempted to regard her as one of our own well-educated ladies—educated personally, not in preparation for self-preservation and parenthood—and to believe that her own beautiful maternal instincts are doing all the rest. This kind of aid to development belongs to the subtle action of soul upon soul, which can never be reduced to science, to which consciousness is fatal—‘’Tis gone if it but look upon itself.’ A mother’s ‘*strength*,’ still more than a teacher’s, depends upon what she *is*, not upon what she has learned to do.

Mr. Spencer considers the more general admission of drawing into the *materia* of education as one of the signs of increasingly rational culture. We would extend this improvement by recommending the extensive use of pictures as illustrations in teaching. Engravings, lithographs, and photographs place the best pictures within the reach of teachers; and their use is invaluable in bringing historical facts vividly before the imagination, giving an idea of the great buildings of antiquity, the manners and the costumes of historical nations, and illustrating their progress in the arts at different stages of their history, and the different characters of art among different races. The ability to outline forms boldly on rough drawing-paper, with soft broad pencil or chalk, may be turned to account by a teacher in a thousand ways to assist conception. It is possible, too, without teaching how to draw, to teach a great deal concerning art which will assist in the comprehension and enjoyment of its best works.

Mr. Spencer sums up the examination of the modes and *materia* of intellectual education, by the reiteration and earnest inculcation of two general principles—that ‘throughout youth, as in early childhood, and in maturity, the process shall be one of self-instruction;’ and that ‘the mental action induced shall be throughout intrinsically grateful.’ He advocates the first principle on the ground that a curriculum so arranged that the steps may be ascended by the pupil with little help, *must* correspond with the stages of evolution in his faculties; that knowledge which the pupil has acquired for himself becomes his own in a way that knowledge communicated to him never can; a conscious possession by right of conquest; that self-culture is self-perpetuating; and, finally, that the moral habits most needed in after life—courage, patience, and perseverance—are cultivated. The whole train of argument is well worthy of earnest consideration.

The second principle—that ‘happy activity’ is to be made the criterion of lessons—appears to us to be adduced with a want of compromise which betrays the scientific theorist needing the modification of practical experience. Receiving cordially all that is said in favour of ‘conducting education on the greatest-happi-

ness principle' with respect to health, to temper, to the relation between teacher and taught, to the association of pleasure with knowledge as securing the continuance of its pursuit when the school-course ends, we still cannot forget that knowledge is granted to the young on the same terms as to the adult—it is to be won by toil. And if the adult, with habits of labour formed, command over his faculties won, and the rewards of his work palpably before him, has his fits of distaste for labour, even in the pursuits most congenial; the youth with unformed habits, faculties making their first essays, with very imperfect conceptions of the rewards of his toil, and with the constant strain on his strength of physical growth, can by no means be saved from seasons of weary and irksome labour in the process of his education. His relation to his teacher, one of the most delightful ties of life, will be developed and cemented as perfectly by sympathy in the suffering incident to forced exertion, as in the delight of novelty and the triumph of conquest.

This second chapter is written in a much more conciliatory spirit. The preceptor sets himself in a less antagonistic position before the public. There is less rebuke and denunciation. More credit is given to the party exhorted to reformation. This is well. Denunciation is not an effective weapon in the hands of a moralist.

In the third book, on moral education, he resumes his attitude of censor. 'Though some care,' he says, 'is taken to fit youth of both sexes for society and citizenship, no care whatever is taken to fit them for the position of parents.' The idea is inadmissible to us of a man who has been educated to the sagacity, self-restraint, and energy, which are essential to good citizenship, acting as a parent with the insensate inconsequence, against which Mr. Spencer launches his censures. We have no respect for such sweeping condemnation as is contained in the following passage:—

'In the absence of this preparation, the management of children, and more especially the moral management, is lamentably bad. Parents never think about the matter at all, or else their conclusions are crude and inconsistent. In most cases, and especially on the part of mothers, the treatment adopted on every occasion is that which the impulse of the moment prompts; it springs not from any reasoned-out conviction as to what will most benefit the child, but merely expresses the dominant parental feelings, whether good or ill, and varies from hour to hour as these feelings vary. Or if the dictates of passion are supplemented by any definite doctrines and methods, they are those handed down from the past, or those suggested by the remembrances of childhood, or these adopted from nurses and servants—methods devised not by the enlightenment, but by the ignorance, of the time.'

As far as we have seen of domestic life, people are usually much wiser as parents than they are as men and women. 'Love's strong instinct' teaches many, who never heard the word 'psychology.' Parents will curb their passions, moderate their indulgences, and exercise a thoughtful vigilance over all that can affect the character of their children, with an elevation of mind far above the range of their walk in any other direction. The institution of families is one great means employed by Providence for the regeneration of humanity. Paternity is often seen to act as a grand catholicon on character—giving energy to the feeble, sedateness to the flighty, industry to the indolent, and earnest consideration to the thoughtless.

For a discussion on moral education, the chapter is wonderfully free from anything that kindles the heart. We have little faith in the cool calculations on which it is proposed to base reformation. But, though adduced with provoking coolness, the principles are most excellent. We should greatly enjoy to go through the whole, quoting the clear enunciation, citing the well-chosen illustration, and trying to impart the heat which would hatch them into 'living' principles. But space forbids. We must content ourselves with simply enumerating them, and recommending the whole chapter to the attention of our readers. The first is that the penalties of moral discipline should be, as in nature, the unavoidable consequences of the deeds which they follow; the inevitable reactions entailed by the child's actions. He contends that natural penalties are more efficient than the artificial penalties commonly substituted for them; that they generate right conceptions of cause and effect; that this is a discipline of pure justice, and will be recognized as such by every child; that the tempers of both parents and children are less ruffled under this system; and, as a manifest corollary, that the parental and filial relation, being a more friendly, will be a more influential one.

Yet we must take serious exception against his making so little of parental displeasure. He says:—'the discipline of chief value is not the experience of parental approbation or disapprobation; but it is the experience of those results which would ultimately flow from the conduct, in the absence of parental opinion or interference.' In our estimation, the reverential fear of parental displeasure, and the desire to please, excited by love, are worth more in the moral education of children, than all the experience of other results of conduct put together. We admit, however, that the approbation or disapprobation of one of Mr. Spencer's ideal parents would not go for much. Were we to submit this personage to an anatomical analysis, we fear we should find ourselves in the position of Cæsar's Augurs, on the first

morning of the eventful Ides of March. He recognizes no beneficial moral influence that is not adopted on logical conviction of its wisdom. In his introduction of a pleasant story, of a friend who undertook the education of a nephew and niece, he says, 'he conducted it more perhaps from natural sympathy than from reasoned-out conclusions, in the spirit of the method above set forth.' This, so far as we remember, is the only admission throughout the book, that a natural emotion can produce effects morally beneficial. And he nullifies this concession to nature, by holding his friend up to imitation, not as a man of ready sympathies, but as a man who acted on a system, on which, if others act, they will secure like results. Our view of the case is, that he acted on the suggestions of a fine moral nature. He succeeded because he was what he was, not because he did what he did. The same system, in the hands of a man of different character, who may adopt it on the conviction wrought by Mr. Spencer's arguments and illustrations, would not produce the same effects. Our actions towards others, old or young, do not stand alone, and produce effects on hearts and wills singly, by force of special intrinsic wisdom. They take significance and character from all that is known of us. Their effects are mingled with emotions excited by many other acts, some, perhaps, long ago forgotten. The faith resulting from the consistent exercise of discipline, dictated by strong, wise love, will disarm even an occasional act of folly, of its power to injure. For the exposure of folly in moral education—a great help to the avoidance of it—we quote from a series of maxims with which Mr. Spencer closes this part of his volume:—

'Do not expect any great amount of moral goodness.'

'Moral precocity has detrimental results.'

'Be sparing of commands.'

'But whenever you do command, command with decision and consistency.'

'Remember that the aim of your discipline should be to produce a self-governed being.'

'Do not regret the display of considerable self-will on the part of your children.'

Entering upon the fourth book, on 'Physical Education,' we are again repelled by sweeping condemnation. Mr. Spencer opens his chapter by charging 'the adult males throughout the kingdom,' 'the majority of whom show some interest in the rearing, breeding, and training of animals of one kind or other,' with utter carelessness of the bodily comfort and health of their children. 'Oh, I leave all those things to the women,' is the reply of 'nearly every

man' to any suggestion on the subject. And 'the women?' Here is the estimate of their fitness for the charge:—

'Mammas, who have learned little but languages, music, and accomplishments, aided by nurses full of antiquated prejudices, are held competent regulators of the food, clothing, and exercise of children. Meanwhile, the fathers read books and periodicals, attend agricultural meetings, try experiments, and engage in discussions, all with the view of discovering how to fatten pigs!'

We are inclined to inquire whether Mr. Spencer has acted on a 'reasoned-out conclusion,' or a natural impulse, in perpetrating this slander. If the former, we fear there must have been a defective major, or some other grievous deficiency in the syllogism which authorized it. To us, it appears, that all just reasoning would have pointed to the impolicy of exciting indignation in the minds of readers he purposes to exhort and instruct. Is this the sympathy with the learner which he so eloquently recommends?

We would, however, earnestly caution his readers not to allow themselves to be repelled by a sense of injury, however just, from a calm and candid consideration of Mr. Spencer's principles of Physical Education. They are well worthy of such attention.

He gives prominent importance to the necessity of nutrition—plenty of stimulating, strengthening food—the quantity to be determined by the child's inclination, not by the parent's judgment.

He enforces careful preservation from cold, and the utmost freedom of muscular activity. Though we have taken occasion to protest against Mr. Spencer's sweeping censorship, we cannot refrain from quoting some severe satire against the physical education given in young ladies' schools, from which we are constrained to confess that we dare not defend them:—

'We have both a boys' school and a girls' school within view' [of his residence]; 'and the contrast between them is remarkable. In the one case nearly the whole of a large garden is turned into an open gravelled space, affording ample scope for games, and supplied with poles and horizontal bars for gymnastic exercises. Every day before breakfast, again towards eleven o'clock, again at mid-day, again in the afternoon, and once more after school is over, the neighbourhood is awakened by a chorus of shouts of laughter as the boys rush out to play; and for as long as they remain, both eyes and ears give proof that they are absorbed in that enjoyable activity which makes the pulse bound, and ensures the healthy activity of every organ. How unlike is the picture offered by the "Establishment for Young Ladies." Until the fact was pointed out, we actually did not know that we had a girls' school as close to us as the school for boys. The garden,

equally large with the other, affords no sign whatever of any provision for juvenile recreation, but is entirely laid out with prim grass plots, gravel-walks, shrubs, and flowers after the usual suburban style. During five months we have not once had our attention drawn to the premises by a shout or a laugh. Occasionally, girls may be observed sauntering along the paths with their lesson-books in their hands, or else walking arm in arm. Once, indeed, we saw one chase another round the garden; but with this exception, nothing like vigorous exertion has been visible.'

'We have a vague suspicion that a robust *physique* is thought undesirable; that rude health and abundant vigour are considered somewhat plebeian; that a certain delicacy, a strength not competent to move them a mile or two's walk, an appetite fastidious and easily satisfied, joined with that timidity which commonly accompanies feebleness, are held more lady-like.'

We must check ourselves, though much inclined to continue the quotation to the point where Mr. Spencer insists, most truly, that when the natural difference of constitution and habits between boys and girls is thus artificially increased, it becomes 'an element of repulsion, rather than of attraction.' Nor must we proceed to quote from his strictures on the physical effects of over-application, the cost of mental achievement when forced by too great stimulus, and the reaction of the brain on the body. He condemns the regimen as a whole, as being too exacting. 'It asks too much, and gives too little.'

We have thus followed Mr. Spencer pretty closely through the course of an elaborate and valuable dissertation on one of the most interesting subjects that can occupy the mind. It is not with a feeling of satisfaction that we close the book. There is a want of vitality in it; an ignoring of the more subtle influences by which character is moulded; a deficiency of faith in the agency of God and nature. He honours nature only so far as she can be interpreted by science, and her operations reduced to the dogmas of 'ologies. There are things beyond the reach of dogma and doctrine, which his educational philosophy has never dreamed of. They are delicate matters, requiring, as all moral and spiritual influences must, to be handled with discretion and taste. But a comprehensive treatise on education, professing, as this does, to provide principles for the training of the whole man—body, soul, and spirit—is essentially defective, if it decline to deal with spiritual influences, and with the paternal agency of God, 'the Father of spirits.'

## III.

## SUBSECIVÆ BROWN.\*

IT has been said that a man might as well have no name at all, as only be called John Smith; and the like may be said of John Brown. It is amazing that, remembering names are a capital in trade, parents do not more conscientiously realize their responsibility. Those John Browns are everywhere. How can they have any individuality or social being? It is the same with our literature as with our professions, it is thronged with the Browns. True, they are not all Johns. First and foremost we have the famous Norwich physician, dear old Sir Thomas; and we have the nasty Brown, who never rises in literature beyond the dignity of *Tom*; and we have 'Estimate Brown, and Capability Brown, and Simon Brown, and Brown the Brunonian;' and we have Pastoral Browne, and Brownist Brown; and we have Brown the great pudding-eater of Kent; and then the lamented chemist, Samuel Brown. And we have the tough old martyr Ossawatomic Brown—a witness and a martyr we will maintain him to be, although not one of the wisest; but martyrs usually are not very wise. We have the Bishop Brown, author of the 'Analogy,' and Self-Interpreting Brown, of Haddington, the ancestor of our present author, whose memory he prizes so highly; and we have preachers and physicians innumerable named Brown; and in this very book we have John Brown the father, and John Brown the son. We therefore think that we are guilty of no impertinence in giving, as a distinctive patronymic to our author, the designation he has adopted for his book. A man can scarcely hope for immortality by the name of John Brown; but he may walk down to posterity with tolerable individuality by the epithet of Subsecivæ Brown.

The volumes of Dr. Brown are the most delightful of desultory volumes—just the books for charming the hours of people who have not too much attention to spare, and who desire the results and pleasures of learning without its toils. They are full of wisdom, and freshness, and fun. Choice little pieces of manifold reading are set in the frame of strong and probing language. Anecdotes, innumerable and new, most of them personal, give the reader the shock of hearty laughter, and leave behind a pleasant, unconscious healthfulness like that we receive from a long walk

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\* *Horæ Subsecivæ*. By John Brown, M.D., F.R.S.E. A Second Series.

in the country. The physician who can turn his idle hours to such account as the author of these volumes, must not only be a singularly-gifted man; but, we may be sure, that if he is not enlarging his own practice, he is doing what is even far better—he is adding to the health of society; he is doing his best to make many natures whole. Wisdom is conveyed frequently in conversational hints; and we trust we do no injustice to the ‘*Horæ*’ of Dr. Brown when we place them beneath the class of conversational literature. They have much in them of the very best order of *ana*; a page would refresh many a mental or moral invalid. We do not see any great amount of professional, gold-headed-cane dignity; the boots of our author’s style do not creak. Some readers might say that occasionally he is content to appear even rather slipshod; but then, how else would the reader see an idle man? and if we do catch our writer in his dressing-gown, he is at ease in his study. We never find him wanting in self-respect, nor ever deficient in cheerful urbanity. He talks to us like a muscular man, and a strong and competent scholar, and has a way of favouring us with pleasant little snatches of classical reading or criticism, in the most communicative and instructive style, delightfully removed from pedantry, and never imposing the necessity for such attainments on his readers. The paper on ‘*Presence of Mind, or Happy Guessing*,’ is a good illustration of this. It is but a succession of wisely-told anecdotes on nearness of the *Noûs*, or the combination of power and promptitude in character. Here is an illustration of the want of this *Noûs*:—

‘That wise little man, Dr. Henry Marshall, little in body but not little in mind, in brain, and in worth, used to give an instance of this. A young, well-educated surgeon, attached to a regiment quartered at Musselburgh, went out professionally with two officers who were in search of “satisfaction.” One fell shot in the thigh, and in half-an-hour after he was found dead, the surgeon kneeling pale and grim over him, with his two thumbs sunk in his thigh *below* the wound, the grass steeped in blood. If he had put them two inches higher, or extemporized a tourniquet with his sash and the pistol’s ramrod and a stone, he might have saved his friend’s life and his own—for he shot himself that night.’

And here are illustrations of the possession of this *Noûs*:—

‘One more instance of nearness of the *Noûs*. A lady was in front of her lawn with her children, when a mad dog made his appearance, pursued by the peasants. What did she do? What would you have done? Shut your eyes and think. She went straight to the dog, received its head in her thick stuff gown, between her knees, and, muffling it up, held it with all her might till the men came up. No one was hurt. Of course, she fainted after it was all right.’

'I once saw a great surgeon, after settling a particular procedure as to a life-and-death operation, as a general settles his order of battle. He began his work, and at the second cut altered the entire conduct of the operation. No one not in the secret could have told this : not a moment's pause, not a quiver of the face, not a look of doubt. This is the same master power in man, which makes the difference between Sir John Moore and Sir John Cope.'

'Mrs. Major Robertson, a woman of slight make, great beauty, and remarkable energy, courage, and sense (she told me the story herself), on going up to her bedroom at night—there being no one in the house but a servant girl, in the ground floor—saw a portion of a man's foot projecting from under the bed. She gave no cry of alarm, but shut the door as usual, set down her candle, and began as if to undress, when she said aloud to herself, with an impatient tone and gesture, "I've forgotten that key again, I declare ;" and, leaving the candle burning, and the door open, she went down stairs, got the watchman, and secured the proprietor of the foot, which had not moved an inch. How many women or men could have done, or rather been all this !'

Of another order is the following classification of qualifications for a physician ; indispensable qualifications also for other than physicians :—

'The prime qualifications of a physician may be summed up in the words *Capax*, *Perspica*x, *Sagax*, *Efficax*. *Capax*—there must be room to receive, and arrange, and keep knowledge ; *Perspica*x—senses and perceptions, keen, accurate, and immediate, to bring in materials from all sensible things ; *Sagax*—a central power of knowing what is what, and what it is worth, of choosing and rejecting, of judging ; and finally, *Efficax*—the will and the way—the power to turn all the other three, capacity, perspicacity, sagacity, to account, in the performance of the thing in hand, and thus rendering back to the outer world, in a new and useful form, what you had received from it. These are the intellectual qualities which make up the physician, without any one of which he would be *manus*, and would not deserve the name of a complete artsman, any more than proteine would be itself if any one of its four elements were amissing.'

He has the happiest way of turning to account anecdotes, which may be gathered plentifully from the volumes ; here is one of William Nicholson, the poet, the author of that extraordinary ballad full of wierdness, the 'Aiken Drum' :—

'There is one story about him which has always appeared to me quite perfect. A farmer, in a remote part of Galloway, one June morning before sunrise, was awakened by music ; he had been dreaming of heaven, and when he found himself awake, he still heard the strains. He looked out, and saw no one, but at the corner of a grass-field he saw his cattle, and young colts and fillies, huddled together,

and looking intently down into what he knew was an old quarry. He put on his clothes, and walked across the field, everything but that strange wild melody, still and silent in this the "sweet hour of prime." As he got nearer the "beasts," the sound was louder; the colts with their long manes, and the nowt with their wondering stare, took no notice of him, straining their necks forward entranced. There, in the old quarry, the young sun "glintin" on his face, and resting on his pack, which had been his pillow, was our Wandering Willie, playing and singing like an angel—"an Orpheus, an Orpheus." What a picture! When reproved for wasting his health and time by the prosaic farmer, the poor fellow said: "Me and this quarry are lang acquaint, and I've mair plesure in pipin to thae daft cowts, than if the best leddies in the land were figurin away afore me.'

The author enjoys a laugh at his profession, and is not offended if his readers laugh with him:—

'It is told of another of our Gallic brethren, that having discovered a specific for a skin disease, he pursued it with such keenness on the field of the patient's surface, that he perished just when it did. On going into the dead-house, our conqueror examined the surface of the subject with much interest, and some complacency—not a vestige of disease or life—and turning on his heel, said, "*Il est mort guéri!*" Cured indeed! with the disadvantage, single, but in one sense infinite, of the man being dead; dead, with the advantage, general, but at best finite, of the *scaly tetter* being cured.'

Laughing at the orthodox in the schools of physie, the homœopathists must allow him to have his joke at their expense:—

'Many years ago, a countryman called on a physician in York. He was in the depths of dyspeptic despair, as often happens with the chawbacons. The doctor gave him some plain advice as to his food, making a thorough change, and ended by writing a prescription for some tonic, saying, "Take *that*, and come back in a fortnight." In ten days Giles came in, blooming and happy, quite well. The doctor was delighted, and not a little proud of his skill. He asked to see what he had given him. Giles said he hadn't got it. "Where was it?" "I took it, Sir." "Took it! what have you done with it?" "I *ate* it, Sir! you told me to *take* it!" We once told this little story to a homœopathic friend, adding, "Perhaps you think the iron in the ink may be credited with the cure." "Well," said my much believing friend, "there is no saying." No saying, indeed! and no thinking either! such matters lie at least in the region of the non-knowable.'

The following gives to our author a fine text for a very useful sermon, introducing the paper, 'With Brains, Sir':—

"Pray, Mr. Opie, may I ask what you mix your colours with?" said a brisk diletante student to the great painter. "With *brains*,

Sir," was the gruff reply—and the right one. It did not give much of what we call information; it did not expound the principles and rules of the art; but, if the inquirer had the commodity referred to, it would awaken him; it would set him a-going, a-thinking, and a-painting to good purpose. If he had not the wherewithall, as was likely enough, the less he had to do with colours and their mixture the better.

Again :—

"Who made you?" was asked of a small girl. She replied, "God made me that length," indicating with her two hands the ordinary size of a new-born infant; "and I growed the rest mysel." This was before Topsy's time, and is wittier than even "'Speets I growed," and not less philosophical than Descartes' *nihil* with Leibnitz's *nisi* as its rider.'

Our author is a Landseer in his affection for dogs, and his power of painting them. He is able to know the true human feeling, that they are fellow mortals, and sometimes one thinks even something more; he could enter into the feeling so eloquently expressed by Ruskin, and especially apply it to his dogs. 'There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity; a flash of strange light through which their life looks out, and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature if not of the soul.' The story of 'Rab and his Friends,' is one of the most perfect and varied pieces of its compass anywhere to be met with; but the Doctor has had a very extensive canine acquaintance—we had almost said of every variety of canine character, but we are reminded that the characters of dogs are as various as the characters of men. Some of these acquaintance are far from respectable, they have a very medical-student air about them, and look as doubtful as the members of that distinguished, but not universally respected class.

Jock was one of these sad ne'er do weels, he 'was insane from his birth; at first *amabilis insania*, but ending in mischief and sudden death. He was an English terrier, fawn coloured; mother's name Vamp (Vampire), and his father's Demon. He was more properly *daft* than mad; his courage, muscularity, and prodigious animal spirits making him insufferable, and never allowing one sane feature of himself any chance. No sooner was the street door open, than he was throttling the first dog passing, bringing upon himself and me endless grief. Cats he tossed up into the air, and crushed their spines as they fell. Old ladies he upset by jumping over their heads; old gentlemen by running between their legs. At home, he would think nothing of leaping through the tea-things, upsetting the urn, cream, &c., and at dinner the same sort of thing. I believe if I could have found time to thrash him sufficiently, and let him be a

year older, we might have kept him ; but having upset an Earl when the streets were muddy, I had to part with him. He was sent to a clergyman in the island of Westray, one of the Orkneys ; and though he had a wretched voyage, and was as sick as any dog, he signalized the first moment of his arrival at the manse, by strangling an ancient monkey, or "puggy," the pet of the minister,—who was a bachelor,—and the wonder of the island. Jock henceforward took to evil courses, extracting the kidneys of the best young rams, driving whole hirsels down steep places into the sea, till at last all the guns of Westray were pointed at him, as he stood at bay under a huge rock on the shore, and blew him into space. I always regret his end, and blame myself for sparing the rod.'

Toby was a more decent dog. He had, it would seem, an inbred vulgar air, but 'he was a dog of great moral excellence—affectionate, faithful, honest up to his light, with an odd humour as peculiar and as strong as his tail. My father, in his reserved way, was very fond of him, and there must have been very funny scenes with them for we heard bursts of laughter issuing from his study when they two were by themselves: there was something in him that took that grave, beautiful, melancholy face. One can fancy him in the midst of his books, and sacred work and thoughts, pausing and looking at the secular Toby, who was looking out for a smile to begin his rough fun, and about to end by coursing and *gurrin'* round the room, upsetting my father's books, laid out on the floor for consultation, and himself nearly at times, as he stood watching him—and off his guard and shaking with laughter. Toby had always a great desire to accompany my father up to town ; this my father's good taste and sense of dignity, besides his fear of losing his friend, (a vain fear !) forbade, and as the decision of character of each was great and nearly equal, it was often a drawn game. Toby ultimately, by making it his entire object, triumphed. He usually was nowhere to be seen on my father leaving ; he however saw him, and lay in wait at the head of the street, and up Leith Walk he kept him in view from the opposite side like a detective, and then, when he knew it was hopeless to hound him home, he crossed unblushingly over, and joined company, excessively rejoiced of course.

'One Sunday he had gone with him to church, and left him at the vestry door. The second psalm was given out, and my father was sitting back in the pulpit, when the door at its back, up which he came from the vestry, was seen to move, and gently open, then, after a long pause, a black shining snout pushed its way steadily into the congregation, and was followed by Toby's entire body. He looked somewhat abashed, but sniffing his friend, he advanced as if on thin ice, and not seeing him, put his fore-legs on the pulpit, and behold there he was, his own familiar chum. I watched all this, and anything more beautiful than his look of happiness, of comfort, of entire ease when he beheld his friend,—the smoothing down of the anxious ears, the swing of gladness of that mighty tail,—I don't expect soon

to see. My father quietly opened the door, and Toby was at his feet and invisible to all but himself: had he sent old George Peaston, the "minister's man," to put him out, Toby would probably have shown his teeth and astonished George. He slunk home as soon as he could, and never repeated that exploit.'

Our author thinks—

'Every family should have a dog; it is like having a perpetual baby; it is the plaything and the crony of the whole house. It keeps them all young. . . . And then he tells no tales, betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions, never gets into debt, never coming down late for breakfast, or coming in through his Chubb *too early* to bed—is always ready for a bit of fun, lies in wait for it, and you may, if choleric, to your relief, kick him instead of some one else, who would not take it so meekly, and, moreover, would certainly not, as he does, ask your pardon for being kicked.'

A faithful attachment to dogs and an entrance into their humour is usually the companion of a like attachment to mankind. Dr. Brown quotes—and we see in all his quotations, what ought always to be seen in a quotation, but which is seen so seldom,—his evident relish in it—he quotes the touching saying of Sir Walter Scott: 'The misery of keeping a dog, is his dying so soon; but to be sure, if he lived for fifty years, and then died, what would become of me?' Our author has a keen glance for men and characters and things; his essays reveal much of that noblest power of man—imagination; that *communis sensus* of the faculties; our readers will remember many illustrations of this in the first series of the '*Horæ Subsecivæ*'—how happy this is of Hobbles of Malmsbury, 'like a bear in his arctic cave, muttering protests against the universe, nursing his wrath as the only thing with which to warm and cheer that sullen heart, a palace of ice, symmetrical, beautiful, strong, but below Zero—we admire much his intrepid air, keen and clean teeth, his clear eye, his matchless vigour of grip, his redeeming love for his cubs, his dreary mistake of absolute cold for heat, frozen mercury, burning as well as molten gold—we would try to get him to give up his cold fishy diet, his long winters of splendid darkness, and come and live with us like a Christian.'

It is this power which enables our writer to interest so much with his notes on art; he speaks to the sympathies of spectators; he is not an art critic, but possesses in a great degree the power to tell the story of a picture—there are many of these very well worth reading, which, however, suggest the thought of being added to fill up the volume; he does not concern himself with the

painter's art, but he enters into the poetry and meaning of the picture—thus Paul Delaroche's—

‘Cromwell regarding the dead body of Charles I. This last is a truly great and impressive picture—we hardly know one more so, or more exactly suited for Art. The great Protector, with his well-known face, in which ugliness and affection and power kept such strange company, is by himself in a dark room. And yet not by himself. The coffin in which Charles, his king, is lying at rest, having ceased from troubling, is before him, and he has lifted up the lid and is gazing on the dead king—calm, with the paleness and dignity of death—of such a death, upon that fine face. You look into the face of the living man; you know what he is thinking of. Awe, regret, resolution. He knows the full extent of what has been done—of what *he* has done. He thinks, if the dead had not been false, anything else might have been forgiven; if he had but done this, and not done that; and his great human affections take their course, and he may wish it had been otherwise. But you know that having taken his gaze, and having let his mind go forth in its large issues, as was his way, he would again shut that lid, and shut his mind, and go away certain that it was right, that it was the only thing, and that he will abide by it to the end. It is no mean art that can put this into a few square inches of paper, or that can raise this out of any ordinary looker-on's brain. What a contrast to Napoleon's smooth, placid face and cold eyes, that rough visage, furrowed with sorrow and internal convulsions, and yet how much better, greater, worthier, the one than the other! We have often wondered, if they had met at Lützen, or at some of the wild work of that time, what they would have made of each other. We would lay the odds upon the Brewer's Son. The intellect might not be so immense, the self-possession not so absolute, but the nature, the whole man, would be more powerful, because more in the right and more in sympathy with mankind. He would never try an impossible thing; he would seldom do a wrong thing, an outrage to human nature or its Author; and for all that makes true greatness and true courage, we would not compare the one with the other. But to return to our artist.

It is this which enables our author to sketch with this strength and vigour of hand, pencil and colouring, the preaching of Dr. Chalmers:—

‘We remember well our first hearing Dr. Chalmers. We were in a moorland district in Tweeddale, rejoicing in the country, after nine months of the High School. We heard that the famous preacher was to be at a neighbouring parish church, and off we set, a cartful of irrepressible youngsters. “Calm was all nature as a resting wheel.” The crows, instead of making wing, were impudent and sat still; the cart-horses were standing, knowing the day, at the

field gates, gossiping and gazing, idle and happy; the moor was stretching away in the pale sun-light—vast, dim, melancholy, like a sea; everywhere were to be seen the gathering people, “sprinklings of blithe company;” the country-side seemed moving to one centre. As we entered the kirk we saw a notorious character, a drover, who had much of the brutal look of what he worked in, with the knowing eye of a man of the city, a sort of big Peter Bell—

‘He had a hardness in his cheek.  
He had a hardness in his eye,’

He was our terror, and we not only wondered, but were afraid when we saw *him* going in. The kirk was full as it could hold. How different in looks to a brisk town congregation! There was a fine leisureliness and vague stare; all the dignity and vacancy of animals; eyebrows raised and mouths open, as is the habit with those who speak little and look much, and at far-off objects. The minister comes in, homely in his dress and gait, but having a great look upon him, like a mountain among hills. The High School boys thought him like a “big one of ourselves,” he looks vaguely round upon his audience, as if he saw in it *one great object, not many*. We shall never forget his smile! its general benignity;—how he let the light of his countenance fall on us! He read a few verses quietly; then prayed briefly, solemnly, with his eyes wide open all the time, but not seeing. Then he gave out his text; we forget it, but its subject was, “Death reigns.” He stated slowly, calmly, the simple meaning of the words; what death was, and how and why it reigned; then suddenly he started, and looked like a man who had seen some great sight, and was breathless to declare it; he told us how death reigned—everywhere, at all times, in all places; how we all knew it, how we would yet know more of it. The drover, who had sat down in the table-seat opposite, was gazing up in a state of stupid excitement; he seemed restless, but never kept his eye from the speaker. The tide set in—everything added to its power, deep called to deep, imagery and illustration poured in; and every now and then the theme—the simple, terrible statement, was repeated in some lucid interval. After overwhelming us with proofs of the reign of Death, and transferring to us his intense urgency and emotion; and after shrieking, as if in despair, these words, “Death is a tremendous necessity,”—he suddenly looked beyond us as if into some distant region, and cried out, “Behold a mightier!—who is this? He cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in his apparel, speaking in righteousness, travelling in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save.” Then, in a few plain sentences, he stated the truth as to sin entering, and death by sin, and death passing upon all. Then he took fire once more, and enforced, with redoubled energy and richness, the freeness, the simplicity, the security, the sufficiency of the great method of justification. How astonished and impressed we all were! He was at the full thunder of his power; the whole man was in an agony of earnestness. The drover was

weeping like a child, the tears running down his ruddy, coarse cheeks—his face opened out and smoothed like an infant's; his whole body stirred with emotion. We all had insensibly been drawn out of our seats, and were converging towards the wonderful speaker. And when he sat down, after warning each one of us to remember who it was, and what it was, that followed death on his pale horse, and how alone we could escape—we all sunk back into our seats. How beautiful to our eyes did the thunderer look—exhausted—but sweet and pure! How he poured out his soul before his God in giving thanks for sending the Abolisher of Death! Then, a short psalm, and all was ended.

'We went home quieter than we came; we did not recount the foals with their long legs, and roguish eyes, and their sedate mothers; we did not speculate upon whose dog *that* was, and whether *that* was a crow or a man in the dim moor,—we thought of other things. That voice, that face; those great, simple, living thoughts; those floods of resistless eloquence; that piercing, shattering voice,—“that tremendous necessity.”'

The most delightful gem of the present volume is the long letter to Dr. Cairns, upwards of a hundred pages, out of the book of four-hundred, devoted to a portrait of the author's father, the celebrated John Brown, of Edinburgh. It is a beautiful monograph on a father's memory. Why can we not have such biographies? Not we believe so much because we have not men who might be the subjects of them, but principally because biographers stretch a canvas so large that concentration of interest and effect are lost to the reader, being lost sight of to the writer. If readers and relatives could content themselves with a hundred instead of five-hundred pages, much every way might be gained. The paper to which we refer deserves a mention as honourable; it ought to secure a fame and name as lasting for its subject and its writer, as the beautiful little lifelets of Isaac Walton. We should like to see it printed by itself, and then we should like to see a copy in the hands of every student for the Christian ministry. We need more pastors and teachers, moulded on the model of John Brown; at present, the Christian ministry, in many directions, seems to be running to seed, without conserving itself.

Looking over what we have written, we find we have done little but praise this, or, rather, we may say, these '*Horæ*,' for we have referred to the first as well as to the last. We fear we have laid ourselves open to the charge of indiscriminate approval; yet we could, did space allow, break a lance with our author upon some of his verdicts; indeed, our Physician, no doubt, loves and hates in a lump, he does not parcel out his affections; of this we have many proofs; but we have, indeed, received so much pleasure, that we are not minded to be

very discriminating. These volumes are, certainly, almost alone as desultory literature, and in reading them we have had just the kind of pleasure we have experienced when kept waiting in a rarely selected library, and, taking down volume after volume, were gratified to find that some judicious reader had underlined or annotated. They are among the most delightful, comprehensive, and scholarly that the press has for a long time produced; we may apply to them the words of our author's favourite poet, Tennyson:—

‘For Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters  
That doat upon each other; friends to man,—  
Living together under the same roof.’

We have quoted so much we fear to quote more; every reader will, of course, go through this volume for himself; but there is one other extract we must do ourselves and our readers the pleasure of presenting to them. It is called, ‘Her last half-crown’ :—

‘Hugh Miller, the geologist, journalist, and man of genius, was sitting in his newspaper office late one dreary winter night. The clerks had all left, and he was preparing to go, when a quick rap came to the door. He said, “come in,” and, looking towards the entrance, saw a little ragged child all wet with sleet. “Are ye Hugh Miller?” “Yes,” “Mary Duff wants ye.” “What does she want?” “She’s deein.” Some misty recollection of the name made him at once set out, and with his well-known plaid and stick, he was soon striding after the child, who trotted through the now deserted High Street, into the Canongate. By the time he got into the Old Play House Close, Hugh had revived his memory of Mary Duff; a lively girl who had been bred up beside him in Cromarty. The last time he had seen her was at a brother mason’s marriage, where Mary was “best maid,” and he “best man.” He seemed still to see her bright young careless face, her tidy shortgown, and her dark eyes, and to hear her bantering, merry tongue.

‘Down the close went the ragged little woman, and up an outside stair, Hugh keeping near her with difficulty; in the passage she held out her hand and touched him; taking it in his great palm he felt that she wanted a thumb. Finding her way like a cat through the darkness, she opened a door, and saying “That’s her!” vanished. By the light of a dying fire he saw lying in the corner of the large empty room something like a woman’s clothes, and on drawing nearer became aware of a thin pale face and two dark eyes looking keenly but helplessly up at him. The eyes were plainly Mary Duff’s, though he could recognize no other feature. She wept silently, gazing steadily at him. “Are you Mary Duff?” “It’s a’ that’s o’ me, Hugh.” She then tried to speak to him, something plainly of great urgency, but she couldn’t, and seeing that she was very ill, and was making herself worse, he put half-a-crown into her feverish hand, and said he

would call again in the morning. He could get no information about her from the neighbours ; they were surly or asleep.

‘When he returned next morning, the little girl met him at the stair head, and said, “She’s deid.” He went in and found that it was true ; there she lay, the fire out, her face placid, and the likeness to her maiden self restored. Hugh thought he would have known her now, even with those bright black eyes closed as they were, *in æternum*.

‘Seeking out a neighbour, he said he would like to bury Mary Duff, and arranged for the funeral with an undertaker in the close. Little seemed to be known of the poor outcast, except that she was a “licht,” or, as Solomon would have said, a “strange woman.” “Did she drink ?” “Whiles.”

‘On the day of the funeral one or two residents in the close accompanied him to the Canongate Churchyard. He observed a decent looking little old woman watching them, and following at a distance, though the day was wet and bitter. After the grave was filled, and he had taken off his hat, as the men finished their business by putting on and slapping the sod, he saw this old woman remaining. She came up, and, courtesying, said, “Ye wad ken that lass, Sir ?” “Yes ; I knew her when she was young.” The woman then burst into tears, and told Hugh that she “keepit a bit shop at the Closemooth, and Mary dealt wi’ me, and aye paid reglar, and I feared she was dead, for she had been a month awin’ me half-a-crown ;” and then with a look and voice of awe, she told him how on the night he was sent for, and immediately after he had left, she had been awakened by some one in her room ; and by her bright fire—for she was a *bein*, well-to-do body—she had seen the wasted dying creature, who came forward and said, “Wasn’t it half-a-crown ?” “Yes.” “There it is,” and putting it under the bolster, vanished !

‘Alas for Mary Duff ! her career had been a sad one since the day when she had stood side by side with Hugh at the wedding of their friends. Her father died not long after, and her mother supplanted her in the affections of the man to whom she had given her heart. The shock was overwhelming, and made home intolerable. Mary fled from it blighted and embittered, and after a life of shame and sorrow, crept into the corner of her wretched garret, to die deserted and alone ; giving evidence in her latest act that honesty had survived amid the wreck of nearly every other virtue.

‘“My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord, For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.”’

And with hearty thanks to Dr. Brown for saying such things, and for saying them in such a manner, we close the ‘*Horæ Subsecivæ*.’

## IV.

## THE INCUBATION OF INSANITY.\*

**D**R. WINSLOW'S book is admirably, most patiently, and industriously got up, but it still has the appearance of being got up. Upon a more interesting and absorbing subject it is impossible for a physician to write. It is the most painful topic of the age, from a sad sense of the interest which must be felt in the subject in almost every family circle; we purchased Dr. Winslow's volume, desirous to use our influence in calling attention to a subject so terrible and momentous. We have gone through the volume with great interest. It is impossible to peruse such a book without interest, but our ground of complaint with it is that it is too metaphysical, and not sufficiently medical. Here are upwards of seven hundred pages—a very bulky volume; but interesting as it is its interest is rather for the curious and disinterested explorers of the laws of thought, the chambers of the mind, and the anatomists of the brain, than for those who are excited by fears for others or for themselves. We had almost said the interest of the volume is rather that likely to be excited by an extensive reader than an extensive practitioner. If our readers have time to discuss at length the phenomena treated in this volume, we advise them by all means to purchase it, and to give it their best consideration; but we repeat that interesting as it is, it is too large; it certainly wants compression. It even gives to the reader the idea of an author too much disposed to fortify himself by the opinions of others, to be either sufficiently clear or decided upon his own. With this reservation, we may say it is a perfect encyclopædia of the literature of insanity; and more especially in its more metaphysical relations. The questions raised and discussed are most curious and absorbing, and they convey the reader into the nearest neighbourhood of that wonderful bridge which unites together the mysterious twins of matter and mind. Moreover, the interest of the volume is such that ordinary readers may find

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- \* 1. *On Obscure Diseases of the Brain, and Disorders of the Mind.* By Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.L., Oxon. Second Edition, Revised. London: John W. Davis.
2. *On the Prevention and Treatment of Mental Diseases.* By George Robinson, M.D. Longmans.
3. *The Tragedy of Life: being Records of Remarkable Phases of Lunacy kept by a Physician.* By John H. Brenton. In two Volumes. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 65 Cornhill.

in its anecdotes and discussions and biographic allusions, pleasure and profit. Dr. Winslow says:—

‘This disorder of the functions of the brain, in the early period of its manifestation, is of so slight and transient a character, that it is easily overlooked by the patient, as well as by his physician. An apparently unimportant knitting of the brows,—a trifling sensation of numbness in some part of the body,—a condition of general, or local muscular weakness,—a state of *ennui*,—mental peevishness, irritability, and physical restlessness,—an almost unappreciable depression or exaltation of the animal spirits,—an impairment and disorder of the sense of sight,—loss, aberration, or confusion of memory,—defect in, or acute manifestation of, the sense of hearing,—an inaptitude for mental work,—an inability to concentrate the attention continuously on any subject,—a state of sleeplessness, a condition of lethargy,—a trivial deviation from the usual mode of talking, such as suddenly pausing in the conversation, as if to regain a lost train of ideas,—a slight defect in the articulation, associated with a transposition of words, and inability to pronounce certain letters, *are all characteristic symptoms, frequently diagnostic of disease having commenced in the brain, and yet may be disregarded.*’

The author insists upon the important fact, and devotes very considerable attention to the important physiological principle that disturbed intelligence has the same relation to the brain that disordered respiration has to the lungs, pleura, and heart; but the physician was uneducated in this department of his profession, and therefore was unable to detect the incipient signs, and so diseased action is allowed to proceed unchecked, until diseased organization has taken place, and the patient has become incurable. It is melancholy to hear Sir William Ellis, formerly resident Superintending Physician of Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, declaring that of 588 cases in the house, there do not appear to be more than fifty which, under the more favourable point of view, can be considered curable; and yet to be told that seventy if not eighty per cent of cases of insanity admit of easy and speedy cure, if treated in an early stage, provided there be no strong constitutional predisposition to cerebral and mental affections or existing cranial malformation. Yet nature has continued her warnings unheeded, for nature is never sudden. It is indeed most true that there are difficulties attending the treatment of the various forms of mental disease, greater even than those which embarrass the treatment of physical. We perhaps do not even know what insanity is, and whether it is *per se* an affection of the mind. We do not know whether it has a psychical or a somatic action. ‘Is it possible,’ inquires Dr. Winslow, ‘for thought, in the abstract, to be diseased?’ And, ‘What is the nature of the *vis nervosa*?’ ‘Wha t

are the relations between the intellectual and vital manifestations?' Even medicine itself has its most intimate relations to the science of mind. 'Many a disease is,' says M. Reveille Parise, 'the *contra coup*, so to speak, of a strong moral emotion; the mischief may not be apparent at the time, but its germ will be nevertheless laid.' It is a question which may be put not altogether unsuccessfully as to the mysterious union existing between particular organic tissues and certain emotions of the mind. How does fear cause diarrhoea, and thus predispose the system to contagion. Thus by many a door-way in the physical system is a way opened for the successful prosecution of those discoveries which may guide to the seat of mental disease. It is the sad condition of the house which compels the cry of agony of the inhabitant.

And yet these remarks conduct us to the complaint that Dr. Winslow, in this volume, does not sufficiently point the mutual dependence of certain bodily conditions and mental states. How true is it that a strong stomach is the usual companion of a healthy or strong mind. Our author does indeed quote the saying of Emerson, the American Essayist, that he knew a witty physician who found theology in the biliary duct; and used to affirm that if there was a disease of the liver the man became a Calvinist, and if that organ was sound he became an Unitarian. We suppose all the intermediate sects represent some modifications of disease or health; and indeed the flippant witicism has a foundation in nature and truth; this is a section of the subject most important, but it does not receive the attention it deserves from the author; he has, as we may notice, dwelt at great length upon the faculty of attention, as the sign of a healthy and well-balanced mind, but we meet with no such pregnant remark, is, that a diseased stomach and fickleness of character are usual companions; there is an intimate relation between the state of the stomach and the state of the brain. We have heard the testimony of a distinguished statuary, that all the great men die eventually of congestion of the brain. We can, for all the more practical hints, much more heartily recommend Dr. Robinson's small book; it may soon be perused; it exhibits none of the wide reading, the more curious thinking, and graceful facility of composition of Dr. Winslow's book, but the wise and judicious counsel will be found rather in the work of Dr. Robinson; and certainly the topic cannot engage attention too closely; the causes and the cure of insanity should assume more than a mere metaphysical importance. The increase of nervous disorders, the dissolution of the forces of the brain, are related to the food and labour of the population, to the diet and work of this overtasked age.

The diagnosis of insanity leads frequently to some very singular discoveries, tending, we believe, to throw considerable light, if not upon the nature of the soul, certainly upon the mode of its being, the paralysis of the moral sense, and the inability of the will to control insane ideas, which is of course the inner test and spring of insanity. Others of the insane are able, apparently with propriety, to pray by the bedside of patients still more grievously afflicted than themselves, without making any allusion to their own unhappy or disordered thoughts. Most of our readers will know well the case of Simon Brown, a dissenting minister, to whom Southey refers in his 'Life of Cowper.' His intellectual powers were great, but he became insane. His delusion, like the delusion of the poet, lay in the thought that he had fallen under the sensible displeasure of God, who had caused his rational soul gradually to perish, and left him only, in common with brutes, an animal life; that it was, therefore, profane in him to pray, and incongruous to be present at the prayers of others. In this opinion he was inflexible. Being once importuned to say grace at the table of a friend, he repeatedly excused himself; but the request being still repeated, and the company kept standing, he discovered evident tokens of distress, and, after some irresolute gestures and hesitation, expressed with great fervour this ejaculation:—'*Most merciful and almighty God! let Thy Spirit, which moved upon the face of the waters when there was no light, descend upon me, that from this darkness there may rise up a man to praise Thee!*' We are thus right, then, in assigning to the will the highest province in the soul. 'This commands; directly,' says Dr. Winslow, 'the will ceases to exercise a proper influence over the understanding and emotions, the intellect loses its healthy balancing power, thus nervous disorders as well as insane delusions are often self-created;' the perturbed mind, with its unhealthy impulses originates often in a voluntary and criminal indulgence in a train of thought which might have been battled, conquered, and subdued; but the sinful and sensuous became the disturbed, the disturbed the morbid, and the morbid the deranged mind. Thus we see how all sin lies in the will. Thus these symptoms are of the order, as Dr. Graves has said it is, "not sufficient to treat them when they come, we must treat them coming." Many Christians have been greatly troubled by their thoughts. 'Poor Christian as he went through the valley of the shadow of death, was so confounded he did not know his own voice; and one of the wicked ones got behind him and stepped up softly to him and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him; which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind. This put Christian more to it than any thing he had met with before.' He did not know that

'Evil into the mind of God and man,  
May come and go—may come and go unhurt.'

Good Richard Baxter says:—

'There are some cases when a man's thoughts are in a manner forced upon him, *from the present temper and indisposition of his body*; so that, so long as that habit of body lasts, he cannot avoid that sort of thoughts. This is the case of some deeply hypochondriac persons, many of whom will be haunted with a set of thoughts and fancies that they can by no means get rid of, though they desire it never so earnestly. We may properly call these *fancies of their waking dreams* as their dreams are their sleeping fancies.'

Hence how amazing is the power of the strong will of the wise physician over the patient. Have we not seen the physician's eye calming, in the wildness of delirium? When the celebrated Dr. Willis, the physician of George III., was examined with reference to his treatment of the king, it transpired that he had even permitted to the king the use of a razor; Burke asked how he should have acted if the king had been seized with a sudden frenzy, the razor in his hand; upon this, Dr. Willis desired two vivid lights to be placed between the great orator and himself, and exclaimed, 'there now, I should look at him thus,' darting at the same time such a look at Burke, from his appalling eyes, that he recoiled in horror and afright. This look, he observed, would make a maniac quail more than chains of iron.

To this wondrous power, which wondrously the will exerts over the yet unstrung keys and faculties of the soul, belongs also that amazing subtlety and simulation which many of the insane practise, so that sometimes the most experienced are deceived; in such cases chloroform, it has been found, is a detective. It stealthily winds its way through the various cells and chambers of the mind, and drags the hallucinations forth from their hiding place, like the light that manifests, or the word of the kindred mind, which is as a glass to the mind, so this mysterious anæsthetic agent is the very Vidocq of the soul. Indeed, we may ascribe some such power even to all madness; it reveals the latent and hidden characteristics of the soul—it lays bare the hidden recesses—its lightnings exhibit wondrous retreats, which we had never explored in the more ordinary sunlight of every day life.

It would seem that minds of the very highest order and health, are known by their power of memory; or, which seems to be almost the same faculty, their attention. 'The difference,' says Sir William Hamilton, 'between an ordinary mind and the mind of Newton, consists principally in this, that the one is capable of the application of a more continuous attention than the other—

that a Newton is able without fatigue to connect inference with inference in one long series towards a determinate end.' 'Genius,' says Helvetius, 'is nothing but a continued attention.' And again, our readers may probably remember a fine passage in Sir William Hamilton's Lectures :—

"When we turn," says this great man, "for the first time, our view on any given object, a hundred other things still retain possession of our thoughts. Even when we are able, by an arduous exertion, to break loose from the matters which have previously engrossed us, or which every moment force themselves on our consideration, even when a resolute determination, or the attraction of the new object, has smoothed the way on which we are to travel, still the mind is continually perplexed by the glimmer of intrusive and distracting thoughts, which prevent it from placing that which should exclusively occupy its view in the full clearness of an undivided light. How great soever may be the interest which we take in the new object, it will, however, only be fully established as a favourite, when it has been fused into an integral part of the system of our previous knowledge, and of our established associations of thoughts, feelings, and desires. But this can only be accomplished by time and custom. Our imagination and our memory, to which we must resort for materials with which to illustrate and enliven our new study, accord us their aid unwillingly, and indeed only by compulsion. But if we are vigorous enough to pursue our course in spite of obstacles, every step as we advance will be found easier; the mind becomes more animated and energetic, the distractions gradually diminish, the attention is more exclusively concentrated upon its object, the kindred ideas flow with greater freedom and abundance, and afford an easier selection of what is suitable for illustration. At length our system of thought harmonizes with our pursuit. The whole man becomes, as it may be, philosopher, historian, or poet; he lives only in the trains of thought relating to this character. He now energizes freely, and consequently with pleasure, for pleasure is the reflex of unforced and unimpeded energy. All that is produced in this state of mind bears the stamp of excellence and perfection."

'It is,' says Buffon, 'only protracted patience.' 'In the exact sciences,' at least, says Cuvier, 'it is the patience of a sound intellect, when invincible, which truly constitutes genius.' Reflections like these, which all revolve round the continuity of mental states, lead right on to the doctrine of the unity, and indivisibility of the mind and consciousness. It is a terrible truth that sinful and vicious men throw away their self-government—that word which expresses a ruined building, dilapidated, when stone has fallen from stone, may be used to express the ruined mind, all the faculties have fallen away from each other

—they are dismembered, unrelated, and therefore weak; the faculty of attention is an important means of discipline, and this power has been lost; and in the loss of this power there has been no consideration of that of the unpolluted sanctities of the Eternal. There has been no prayer to ‘Him before the rebuke of whose countenance all the vanities of a distempered imagination will at once flee away.’

In the action of insanity we often see how all notion of time is lost sight of—‘all notion of duration is annihilated, and the interval between the first moment of seizure and the restoration of reason, appears like a blank, or analogous to a troubled or distressing dream.’

‘It is recorded of a British captain at the battle of the Nile, that he was giving an order from the quarter-deck of his vessel, when a shot struck him on the head, depriving him immediately of speech. As he survived the injury, he was taken home, and remained deprived of sense and speech, in Greenwich Hospital for *fifteen* months! At the end of that period, during which he is said to have manifested no sign of intelligence, an operation was performed on the head which almost instantaneously restored him to consciousness. He then immediately rose from his bed, and not recognizing where he was, or what had occurred, expressed a desire to complete the order which had been so abruptly interrupted when he received his injury during the battle *fifteen* months previously!

‘A farmer, of fair character, who resided in an interior town in New England, sold his farm, with an intention of purchasing another in a different town. His mind was naturally of a melancholy cast. Shortly after the sale of his farm, he was induced to believe that he had sold it for less than its value. This persuasion brought on dissatisfaction, and eventually a considerable degree of melancholy. In this situation one of his neighbours engaged him to enclose a piece of land with a post and rail fence, which he was to commence making the next day. At the time appointed he went into the field, and began, with a beetle and wedges, to split the timber out of which the posts and rails were to be prepared. On finishing this day’s work, he put the beetle and wedges into a hollow tree, and went home. Two of his sons had been at work through the day in a distant part of the same field. On his return he directed them to get up early the next morning, to assist him in making the fence. In the course of the evening he became delirious, and continued in this situation several years, when his mental powers were suddenly restored. The first question he asked, after the return of his reason, was, whether his sons had brought in the beetle and wedges? He appeared to be wholly unconscious of the time that had elapsed from the commencement of his delirium. His sons, apprehensive that any explanation might induce a return of his disease, simply replied that they had

been unable to find them. He then immediately arose from his bed, went into the field where he had been at work a number of years before, and found the wedges and the rings of the beetle where he had left them, the beetle itself having mouldered away. During this delirium his mind had not been occupied with those subjects with which it was conversant in health.

'Mrs. S———, an intelligent lady, belonging to a respectable family in the State of New York, some years back undertook a piece of fine needlework. She devoted her time to it almost unceasingly, for a number of days. Before she had completed it she became suddenly insane. In this state, without experiencing any material abatement of her disease, she continued for about *seven* years, when her reason was suddenly restored. One of the first questions which she asked, after her sanity was restored, related to her needlework! It is a remarkable fact that, during the long continuance of her mental aberration, she said nothing, so far as was recollected, about her needlework, nor concerning any of the subjects that usually occupied her mind when in health.'

Something, however, very much like this, has occurred to us all repeatedly, when in the course of conversation or discourse, some link has dropped out which we have quite vainly tried to recall—we could not, till again some winding of the road of speech brought us up against our lost thought, which then we put into words; the marvel of the matter being that that lost thought must have been somewhere in existence all the time we were vainly hunting for it. Such instances lead the mind forth into innumerable speculations upon mental states separated from bodily conditions.

It is in the terrific action of a tortured conscience, and in some of the experiences of insanity, we have glimpses of the capacities of a disembodied spirit for extreme misery. How terrible is that state when the mind recoils from itself, and yet is compelled, even in agony, to turn upon itself. Who can explain the horrors of delirium tremens. What a tyranny, immaterial things, images, ideas, exercise over the soul. We once, on board a ship, saw a sailor transfixed with horror and agony, in the conception that he was in hell. We say the mind cannot escape from *itself*; what, then, is that from which it cannot escape? Dr. Winslow quotes the story of some friend of Socrates, who, alluding to a mutual acquaintance afflicted with melancholy—that 'he had derived no benefit from his travels.' 'I am not surprised at that,' said the philosopher, '*for he travelled along with himself*,' and Sterne says, 'the learned Smellfungus travelled from Boulogne to Paris, from Paris to Rome, and so on, but *he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he passed by was discoloured or distorted*.' Sometimes this is simply nervous irritability, the operation of some physical cause; although, as we have said, we do not know how often

psysical causes proceed from physical; but when conscience unappeased is all awake and all in terror—when the eyes of the soul meditate only on the horrors of some approaching penalty—when all the powers of its sensitiveness are quickened, and when neither its own will, nor any above it, exercises any strong command over its functions, nothing can more assuredly illustrate the circumstances of the condition of the moral dispensation beneath which we live, and nothing can more solemnly tend to illustrate the terrors of that state upon which the soul enters when the bodily environment no longer operates to detain it from the kingdom of its more potent and predominant will.

‘A convict in Van Diemen’s Land, after quarrelling with one of the overseers, brutally murdered him. He immediately escaped with, a few clothes and a gun, to the wild solitude of the bush. The murderer lived for some time like a savage, occasionally making his appearance, armed to the teeth, at various huts, where he peremptorily demanded food. The convict’s mind ultimately succumbed to the severe mental agony and physical distress to which it was exposed, and he became a dangerous lunatic. He was eventually perceived to be under the dominion of a terrible hallucination. He imagined that he was constantly being pursued by the ghastly phantom of his murdered victim. He was observed to rush frantically from tree to tree, bush to bush, house to house, from one part of the district to another, endeavouring to fly (like an animal hunted to death by ferocious bloodhounds) from the clutches of some person constantly in his wake, and steadily tracking his path. The maniac eventually surrendered himself into the hands of the police, alleging that annihilation was preferable to the agony of mind which he had suffered. In fact (although insane), he prayed earnestly for death at the hands of the public executioner, in order to extricate himself from the spectral image that was never absent from his mind!’

Another fearful hint looks out from the sleeplessness of the insane. Complete sleep among the insane is scarcely ever observed—a case is published of one patient who was not known to close his eyes for a period of three months; and yet such persons live. Another got up in the middle of the night, and tired three horses with galloping, in the vain hope that excessive muscular fatigue might induce a disposition to sleep.

‘The question, how long a person can exist without sleep, is one oftener asked than answered, and the difficulties of answering the question by experiment would seem to leave it for ever unsolved. A Chinese merchant had been convicted of murdering his wife, and was sentenced to die by being deprived of sleep. This painful mode of death was carried into execution under the following circumstances:—The condemned was placed in prison under the care of three of the

police guard, who relieved each other every alternate hour, and who prevented the prisoner from falling asleep night or day. He thus lived nineteen days without enjoying any sleep. At the commencement of the eighth day his sufferings were so intense that he implored the authorities to grant him the blessed opportunity of being strangled, guillotined, burned to death, drowned, garrotted, shot, quartered, blown up with gunpowder, or put to death in any conceivable way which their humanity or ferocity could invent. This will give a slight idea of the horrors of death from want of sleep.'

We had intended devoting some space to the very interesting volumes of Mr. Brenton, and we had marked some scenes for quotation, as the author of '*The Tragedy of Life*' is well acquainted with the forms and symptoms of insanity, and he has wrought many of his scenes with considerable vigour. Madness has been ever one of the most perilous tests of genius, and few who have attempted to sketch its moods have succeeded; the delineation depends so entirely upon the touch, which genius gives for all successful results. We cannot say that Mr. Brenton's volumes give to us any characters which remind us of Ophelia, or Lear, or Madge Wildfire, but they are the sketches of reading, thought, and observation. To those who are interested in the study of forms of insanity, they present a succession of various stages and characteristics, in which the range of observation and study, is relieved and lightened by the author's fancy.

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V.

SOME NEW VIEWS IN PLATO'S CAVE.\*

WE are thankful to every man who in sincerity and earnest-heartedness helps to demonstrate the real life of man, and who causes more light to break forth from God's Word; to any man who, realizing the awfulness of the mystery 'in which we live, and move, and have our being;' to any man who makes us more really acquainted with

'The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty.'

Mr. Hinton deserves our thanks; for, in a spirit of great earnest-

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\* *Man and His Dwelling Place.* An Essay towards the Interpretation of Nature. By James Hinton. Second Edition. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

ness, he has attempted to do this. He, indeed, says little more than what all ministers are supposed to preach; he only interprets the Word of God literally; and, as to our apprehension, we have always conceived it. Yet, Mr. Hinton's seems a very fresh book, and we dare to say that multitudes of those who may read it, if multitudes read it, will regard it as new as if his theory had not been succinctly stated a hundred times in the New Testament. In the matter of the interpretation of scriptural difficulties, many people have no doubt felt as poor old Tiff felt about the preacher:—

'Dey talks 'bout going in de gate, and knocking at de do', and 'bout marching on de road, and 'bout fighting and being soldiers of de cross; and de Lord knows, now, I'd be glad to get de chil'en through any gate; and I could take 'em on my back and travel all day, if dere was any road: and if dere was a do', bless me, if dey wouldn't hear old Tiff a rapping! I 'spects de Lord would have fur to open it—would so. But, arter all, when de preaching is done, dere don't 'pear to be nothing to it. Dere an't no gate, dere an't no do', nor no way; and dere an't no fighting, 'cept when Ben Dakin and Jim Stokes get jawing about der dogs; and everybody comes back eating der dinner quite comf'able, and 'pears like dere wan't no such thing dey's been preaching 'bout. Dat ar troubles me—does so.'

Even so, Mr Hinton would say, people talk about death and life—spiritual death and life; do they believe what they say?—Is there a death, and is there a life? Scripture speaks of men 'dead in trespasses and sins.' Scripture addresses men and says, 'Ye are dead.' It speaks of 'filthy lusts which drown men in perdition.' Moreover, it addresses others, and says, 'You hath he quickened;' and it speaks of experiences, and says, 'We know that we have passed from death to life.' Is this all a matter of imagery, and to be dismissed for any real purposes of life and consolation? Are we to say, when the preacher has ended, there is no death, and there is no life? Mr. Hinton does not think so. The reader will find himself as he reads, unless we are mistaken, in the vice of a logic as clinching, on the point of a paradox as impaling, as that of Bishop Berkeley. The reading of this volume a second time, produced in our mind feelings very similar to those we experienced when many, many years since, we for the first time followed the Bishop in his analysis of 'the principles of human knowledge.' In the same way, Mr. Hinton breaks down the fence of mere appearances, and advances beyond the phenomenal: the apparatus of astronomic science, and the illusions of the stereoscope are pressed into the service of our teacher to show how the senses

are imposed upon. He maintains that it is in consequence of our fall and our sinfulness that we do not see the universe as it is. That is not true, which seems to us, that only man is alive, and the universe is dead. No, man is dead, and the universe is alive.

‘Do we ask: How should man be in an inert world? Let us ask: How should he be in a revolving universe? These two questions admit of one reply. He is not so. The universe cannot be revolving. Let the universe, therefore, stand fast, and man revolve. So shall be to him day and night, rising and setting suns, noonday brightness for his work, and solemn revelations of the stars to lead him up to God.—The universe cannot be dead. Let the universe be living, therefore, and man be dead. So to him there shall be a world of passive laws and lifeless uniformity, a world subject to his control, invitant to his energy, full of deep lessons to his heart.’

Again he says:—

‘Analogies help us more, and they are never wanting to anything that is true, for nature lends all her treasures to adorn whatever she acknowledges. What we feel so strange is, that we should perceive around us so definite and substantial a habitation as this earth, if the physical does not exist absolutely, but is merely the phenomenon to us of some other existence. But look at the sky at night. Consider the firmament. Is it not stretched as a canopy folding in the earth, of definite circumference, and solid look? Do not say no; for humanity would testify against you. History proves that it appears so to man’s natural eye. Is there any such canopy around the earth? Is there anything like it? Man dwells, to his consciousness, in an encircling heaven which is not. A habitation, bright with gems and stretched on everlasting pillars, has been prepared for him;—by what? By his presence to infinity bestrewn with lavish worlds. And why? Because it is the nature of his sight. Why should not man’s presence to the spiritual infinitude of being place him, to his consciousness, in a home like earth, amid a universe of stars? Do we ask why? Because it is the nature of his present state to feel as dead that which is living; because the phenomenon which he perceives is different from the truth of things, and by his defect of being, the phenomenon is his reality.’

These extracts will no doubt plainly show to our readers that no exposition of ours can make this strong and yet very interesting book so clear to the mind as the author himself. And we believe he does his best to separate man from his shadow; or, perhaps we should say he does his best to show that a shadow cannot be—that it is not a being, but the phenomenon of being—that the being is wholly independent of it. ‘Nature is living, holy as the life to which man shall be raised; the finger pressed no more on her

mute lips—once mute, but vocal now with heaven's own music. The secret uttered, the sole secret, only to man unknown: that life is holiness, that holiness is freedom, that freedom is necessity, that necessity is love, God's secret, the secret of being, which, not to know, is death.'

Many centuries and ages have passed away since the first attempts were made to solve the mystery of our being. Mr. Hinton has attempted the task very bravely; others, also, have attempted.

Every reader of 'Plato's Republic' will remember a famous passage in the seventh book, in which he compares our natural condition, so far as our education or ignorance are concerned, to a number of men living in a vast subterranean cave,—in what Philip Bailey would call the fire-crypt of the world, among the marble and granite monuments and tombstones of antediluvian generations. Plato conceived some such world beneath the earth, where night and day are all as one; and strange grotesque shapes are seen in all parts of the vaulted chamber; and the torchlight brings out the phantoms and the shadows which go creeping up and down among the petrifications and the stalacmitic columns; and, whisper as we may, echoes will creep after us, which make us start and wonder who repeated our words. Plato conceived some such world; in Greece it was not difficult to conceive such. Corridors and galleries, dizzy and fretted crags, or fantastic horrors breaking forth in forms like afrites blackly looming in torchlight-shadow from the unexpected waters of some subterranean lake; and Plato thought he saw in such a place the parable of a human soul captive to its senses and its ignorance.

Plato imagines such a cave, the entrance open to the light, but the men, bound by their necks and legs, shackled, and compelled to sit still and look straight forward. The prisoners in the cave would be, therefore, unable to turn their heads or necks to gaze behind them. Above and behind them Plato conceived a fire burning, and an elevated gallery passing between the fire and the prisoners; and along this gallery a number of persons moving, throwing their shadows upon that part of the cavern facing the prisoners; some of them passing along would move in silence, while others would speak, and speaking would awaken echoes in the cave, adding the mystery of sound to the mystery of sight in the senses of the captive men. Plato conceives the amazement of one of these captives when liberated—when able to turn his eyes towards the light, to ascend towards it, to interrogate the objects of which he formerly beheld only the shadows; and when dragged up the painful and steep ascent, how dazzled would his eyes be by the glare of the sun. Amazing would be the change in his mind,

when compelled to find the shadows he had regarded as realities only phenomena, and to behold in the newly discovered objects the real facts and beings to which the phenomena owed their existence. Thus man is everywhere hemmed in by the *actual*. This has been with most of us too frequently the cause of self-depreciation and complaint. Man, everywhere, feels this to be the misery of his condition. Our being is not inappropriately represented by a story, or rather a little piece of anecdotal biography, recorded in 'Lord Lindsay's Letters;' the story of Wellee Kiashef. Wellee Kiashef was the Turkish governor of the country between the Cataracts. He was resting for a little time on one of his progresses through his little vice-royalty, and he sent to offer a visit to Lord Lindsay's party. He desired to gain knowledge from Englishmen wherever he could meet with them. He had obtained a little treatise on geography; he had picked up a number of crude notions from Europeans, and a few books; he had learnt enough to give to him profound discontent. Lord Lindsay says:—

'It was interesting, but painful, to see a man, evidently of talent, born and bred in intellectual darkness, and aware of his deficiencies, struggling and catching at every ray of light. He entered at once on his enquiries, never doubting our willingness to afford him what aid we could; the conversation seldom flagged a moment, and in his eagerness, the pipe was often neglected. On paying us another visit on our return (to which I alluded at the commencement of this long epistle), he told us very feelingly that, since he had become acquainted with Europeans about three years ago, he had disrelished the society of other Turks; all their conversation ran on women or dress, never on subjects of real interest. "Now," said he, "I like to know how the sun shines, how the world was created, who inhabit it, &c.; and because I do so, and seek the society of those who can instruct me, my countrymen call me proud, and I am quite alone among them;" —"solo, solo, solo!" as Abdallah translated it: it went to my heart—poor fellow! he must indeed be lonely, and so must everyone be who outstrips his fellows, while they are still as unenlightened as the Turks, even by the very insignificant distance that Wellee Kiashef has got before them.'

Thus the first thought of every man upon his awakening to the world, is the feeling of the close, confining, cavernous darkness around him; all things speak of the cave. 'What am I?' 'Where am I?' are the natural questions he puts to himself, and even to others. We are like the half-drunk Scotchman wending his way home in a whisky mist at six o'clock in the morning, who came across a decent servant girl cleaning the door-step. 'My girl,' said he, 'can ye tell me where Mr. John Clerk lives?' 'Sir,' said the lass, 'I'm thinking ye'r Mr. John Clerk yersell.'

'Aye, aye, my lass,' said he, 'I ken that vary weel; I ken I'm Mr. John Clerk, but I dinna ken where I live.' So with all of us, we have some idea of our individual consciousness, but what is this world we are in?

When Aladdin descended into the vault, he found the trees of golden fruit and the wonderful lamp. We must first retire into ourselves, sink into the vault of our own being, before we shall be able accurately to learn the limits and the dimensions of our own being. Few persons are able to retire from the knowledge which the senses impart, to a knowledge and learning which the senses will not bestow. What is this cave which hems us in? Everywhere we are told we are the creatures of sense, and that our sensuous consciousness we cannot transcend; and this is the sceptic's frequently too powerful plea and cry. Many, indeed, have denied the existence of the man in the cave at all; they have declared that life itself is only a phenomenon of being, and thus that the phenomena themselves constitute the only real being. That all things visible are as much alive as we are. Mr. Hinton, on the contrary, remarks, that which is a phenomenon cannot *exist*; it has a relative existence only; it is to us, it is felt by us, as existing; that which truly exists being different. And in harmony with this, a recently published, most invaluable, and hitherto unpublished little book of Bishop Berkeley's, finds a special Providence and distinct action of Divine agency in every sensation we can know; and this is far more reasonable, for as we walk through the streets, we are conscious of two beings. Indeed that which we call knowledge, is the consciousness of two beings in one consciousness, for *knowledge is the image of the thing known in the understanding of him who knows it*; is it not a most amazing thing that we, sitting in one omnibus, have a knowledge of another omnibus, and all the people in it. Is it not a most amazing thing that we, with our wholly independent beings, take in the shapes and actions of other beings altogether separated from us. *Here we are hard, tough, scaly teguments*, and our neighbours a number of *hard, tough, scaly teguments*—is it not a most marvellous thing that we have this knowledge of each other's persons—knowledge of all the outer world? *Scepticism* lifts up its cock-a-doodle-do, and says,—'Oh! I can explain all these—it's just an affair of the refracting medium. I can explain it all—objects reflected on the air, and re-reflected on the retina of the eye.' Yes, dear old pundit, we have in a sort of dim way heard that before; but that scientific solution of thine only involves us in more mystery; for the image on the retina of the eye is *turned topsy-turvy*, really upside down, and we do not see houses, and horses, and omnibuses upside-down; but really standing straight and upright, and going along properly in their

usual sort of way; and beside, what relation is there between the seeing eye, which, after all, is as dead as a piece of glass—quite as intelligent and no more than the stopper of a decanter—what connection is there between this and the thing seen? Why the fact is, the man in the cave must expound it all—it is the man in the cave who also has another retina, altogether invisible—beyond the touch of the oculist's lancet, but assuredly there. It is the man in the cave. The body is the cave of the mind.

'After all,' says the sceptic, 'the man is in the cave. You cannot transcend the limits of your consciousness. You are limited by *thought-forms* when you are not environed by the senses.' Well, after all, this much-vaunted phraseology is only a learned way of saying, *we only know what we know*—true, but let us lay our fingers there; we do know certainly, what we do know. And light will do much. And, moreover, whence do our ideas come, and what are our ideas? A man, we believe in Cambridge, had a very curious thought-form; he insisted on seeing a black spot upon the nose of every person with whom he conversed, and, worst of all, he took out, invariably, his pocket-handkerchief, not for the anthropological purpose of wiping his own, but for the benevolent purpose of wiping his neighbour's nose. At last one took him to task. 'My dear fellow,' said the one, 'you are a perfect nuisance. You go on through the whole city, wiping people's noses. You have wiped \_\_\_\_\_'s nose, and \_\_\_\_\_'s nose, and Lord \_\_\_\_\_'s, and Professor \_\_\_\_\_'s, and it is so absurd; do go to an oculist's, or an optician's, and get your eyes put to rights; and then you'll find that the spot is wiped from everybody's nose, and that, if anywhere, it is in your own eye.' 'Yes,' said the gifted seer—'yes, yes, I see it must be so, and I'll take that advice of yours; but, pardon me,' and out came the handkerchief, —'you have a black spot on your nose.' Now, how did he get possession of that thought-form? Suppose the Crystal Palace instead of being a transparent opening and view, were covered, as we can conceive it covered, with dank and dark trees, and herbage, or clothed by some veil which shut out the light, how dark would be that place—the thing of crystal would be a cave; remove the covering, and you have the crystal again—albeit its thick though transparent medium still makes nothing clear, while all within is suffused from the golden or rosy hue from without.

Such is the Cave of Plato—such is man, and the world, beneath—a pagan and a Christian—instinct and teaching. While we admit the thorough propriety of the image of Plato, we should prefer to call the cave a diaphanous medium. 'Your consciousness exists in a cave,' say the metaphysicians—'you are subject to, you are the creatures of, *time*, and *space*, and *personality*—these are inexo-

nable walls, they hem and environ you everywhere.' And they not only are the absolute forms of things around us, but they are also the thought-forms through which all things of the understanding are known. As we sit in Plato's cave, and see the phantoms creeping along the walls, we know them only by their relation to *time*, to *space*, and to *personality*. These, it is said, are the great conditions which lock us in the cave, and it is true; but what if true? It is clear that even within the cave itself they become altogether different conditions to that which mere sensation regards them as being; they are, in fact, the conditions Divinely imposed upon us to keep our nature in order; to the free mind how plastic they become. It is true that in imagination and thought all things do and must exist in *time*, and can be known only so; but the mind is able to look forth from the solemn tickings of the household clock, or watch, and can rise to the solemn periods of rolling epochs or ages. Or it can step into the antediluvian years, or even to the vast mensurations of astronomic cycles and epicycles—the pendulous beat and throb of palpitating planets in their orbits, or the mighty adjustments of the celestial mechanics;—and it is still in time. The spirit can make its own time; it is conditioned, but it creates new conditions. It is true, also, that we cannot in thought escape from *space*. We may shut our eyes and think, but we must still behold space, and all that we see we must see as existent in space. But even to sense itself, how vast the amplitude, so to speak;—how infinite the dimension is over which the eye is able to dilate. We too are able to 'take the wings of the morning, and to dwell in the uttermost part of the earth.' We, too, are able to wing our flight from star to star, and are sometimes, and often, not conscious of the tether or the chain. And if it is true that we are met by another thought-form, namely, that of *substance*, or, to speak more popularly, of *personality*—if we know things only by their personality, by the *me* and the *not me*, the *Ego* and the *non-Ego*—if, however, we may wander, and whatever we may see, we are compelled to give a shape and a reality to what we see—so that we can frame no poem, but it takes vesture and shape in characters, and dream no dream but it is around us in embodiment;—still the spirit is free to move, actively to move, and even to create and to re-arrange, and to re-shape things from other forms. Thus the man in the cave finds himself conscious of powers which can only find their appropriate complement outside his cave.

We spoke of the lamp found in the vault, and its revelations; even so indeed; but the cave becomes not merely diaphanous but plastic. The man within the cave touches the walls of his cell, and they recede from him. He turns the laws of his being into

the lifters of his being ; and what seem to be imposed upon him as conditions become the aids of development. We look sometimes at the conditions of our being, and we seem to be the mere slaves and pack-horses of the sense, as it has been said—

‘ Things are in the saddle,  
And they ride mankind.’

We can answer nothing—What, we sometimes say in spleen and disappointment, What do we know? We cannot tell the relation of will to action—we cannot tell the relation of spiritual force to the limb of the body. Solve us the mystery of the tooth ache. Why should a piece of bone be so troublesome a companion? What is life, and what is love? We are told, when hands join hands, or, when lips join lips, a process many of our readers wot of. We are told when eyes dart into eyes their lustre and their lightning, and when thereupon something happens,—We are told it is electricity. Even our friend, Dr. Von Knowallaboutit, assures us that he has clearly demonstrated that it is electricity and nothing more.

‘ Simply this, and nothing more.’

And we said to our dear Dr. Von Knowallaboutit, that does not at all explain the little mystery in which our friends are just now involved. What is sympathy? What is freedom? What is gravitation?—Weight of bodies. What is heat?—Friction of bodies. Light?—A very subtle fluid. Will?—Spiritual force. Why do two and two make four? We know all that is said, but the very definition is a chink to reveal our ignorance.

And yet, is it not amazing to know what this man in the cave can do with his conditions? How much easier we think would it be to construct a being whose powers were in his instincts. It is not so with man; we exist more by knowledge than by instinct; and yet more by sympathy, which is instinct made Divine, even than by knowlege. Man, even in the rudest state, before he is adorned by civilization—the savage man—how he copes with and conquers nature—watches her ways with subtle and crafty eye; imitates her, and takes her captive and subjects her; the wild eagle feather on his head, the chain of shells, show how native grace, even in him, asserts itself. The discovery of fire, the structure of language, law, and society; and the fabrication of the javelin and the dart—how they speak of the effort of the man to escape from the cave. But see how man creates *new conditions* for himself :—he has not wings, but he voyages the air in a balloon; he has not fins, nor the respiration of a fish, but he walks at the bottom of the sea in a diving-bell; he takes captive,

light, and he says 'paint me that face ;' and lightning—and he says, 'carry me that message ;' he takes captive the wind, and he says, 'grind my corn ;' and to the steam he says, 'make my calico and silk, and cloth ;' he says to the glass, 'help me to read ;' he says to the telescope, 'show me the rings of Saturn, and the mountains of the moon ;' he says to the microscope, 'show us the insects that sleep in the mysterious chambers and bells of the flowers.' What mysterious power is this within man which liberates him from his conditions? You call it imagination—we accept the word ; and we call that wonderful which some will look upon with contempt. Is it not wonderful? Imagination, you call it. Yes, but how do the images come there? We remind you of our definition of knowledge—that 'it is the image of the thing known in the understanding of him who knows.' History, and geography, and poetry, do what they will with us ; we fight and shout with Achilles in the trenches ; we are in Venice with Shylock ; we hear Portia plead ; we hear the imprecation of the octogenarian Doge ; we are with Macbeth in the wild old castle that night when 'the crow hied his way to the dusky wood ;' nay, it is not difficult to behold where Satan sits in Pandemonium, or stands in the sun. We can pitch our tent in the lonely heights of the Himalaya, in passes where the sun has never shone ; or in the lonely Balkan range. We can wind our way down the Danube. We can pass through the Red Sea with the Host of Israel. We are, with Nehemiah, by torch-light, surveying the ruins of Jerusalem. We walk the streets of Oxford, hurrying along breathless to see the old man Latimer—brought out in his shroud to the stake. We stand and shout 'God save the Queen,' as the old sheriff sets up the standard of Her Grace, and proclaims the cry of the nation against the Armada. Well has a friendly poet said,

'Long have I loved what I behold,  
The night that calms, the day that cheers,  
The common growth of mother Earth  
Suffices me ; her joy and mirth—  
Her humblest mirth and tears.

'I know the secrets of a land,  
Where human foot did never stray ;  
Fair is that land as evening skies,  
And cool, though in the depth it lies  
Of burning Africa.

'Or we'll into the realms of Fairy,  
Among the lovely shades of things,—  
And shadowy forms of mountains bare,  
And streams and bowers of ladies fair,—  
The shades of palaces and kings.

‘The dragon’s wing, the magic ring,  
I shall not covet for my dower :  
If I along that lowly way  
With sympathetic heart may stray,  
And with a soul of power.’

We can make out something, then in our cave—we have found the Aladdin lamp. The foliage, or the fold, has been removed from our diaphanous environment; it is not all blackness; intelligence has reached us, something has been clearly imprinted on our minds. The lamented Dr. George Wilson, in his paper in ‘Macmillan,’ the last, we believe, he ever wrote, mentions an affecting circumstance in the history of a celebrated astronomer, resident in Ireland, who was in the habit of using a fine reflecting telescope. On one occasion he neglected to put the cap over the mouth, or object glass, of the instrument, so that the light was free to enter the tube, and fall on the polished metal reflector. He was taken ill that day, and in the end died. For weeks, for months after his death, his study remained locked, as he had left it on the first day of his illness. All this time there stood the telescope, with its eye pointed to a distant church with its spire. Every day the sun peeped in, and the moon and the stars offered their services. No other work was asked of them, so they drew the church-spire and the landscape on the mirror of the telescope as they made their rounds. At last the observatory was opened, and the telescope was taken down, and behold upon its mirror a permanent picture of the church-spire, and the objects around it; the mirror had tarnished and rusted, but the light determined where the rusting should occur, and where the metal should remain bright, and it employed the rust to furnish the shadows. So like the image on the object-glass, *light* and *life* and *time* write indelibly on the soul of the man in Plato’s cave; so when death takes down the observatory and the telescopic eye, will the image be found durable on the sentient object-glass of the soul.

It is not so to the man who sits in the cave, and to whom all the work of nature and of life only suggests the thought, if it may be called the thought, of the infinite wizardry around them. A wild Arab chief stood by a photographer, near Cairo, while he was taking the impression of the great Sphinx. When, in the faint light the glass was taken unchanged from the camera, and, as it seemed, only submitted to a simple baptism, and then as feature after feature came out, until at last there lay all the mysterious sculpture, the Arab chief turned to another by his side, and pointing to the photographer, exclaimed, ‘*he is the eldest son of Satan.*’

Immured in ignorance, locked up in the cell of sensuality, the poor inhabitant of the cave, even if he hears, knows not what to make of the echoes, and if he sees, knows not what to make of the phantoms which cross his vision there.

A friend of ours went to preach in a lone farm-house in one of the backwood settlements of England. Invited to preach by the farmer, he found when he got there that it was a case of preaching the Gospel from envy and strife, originating in a quarrel with the rector, on the score of tithes, rather than any love to the truth. He had to sleep in the house, and he thought he would employ some time in attempting to benefit his host. He found a Bible in the house but nobody able to read it. He asked his host if he knew the Lord's prayer. 'Oh yes,' said he, and he began, 'In the day wherein I was made, my godfather —' Our friend said 'Not so,' and tried to explain the difference between a prayer and a catechism. This only produced the beginning of the Creed, 'I believe—.' At last our friend began at the beginning of things, he said, 'You *must* have some idea of God—who made the fields; the hedges?' 'I made 'em mysen,' said the stolid man in the cave. All the ideas were mixed and confused in the man's soul. Our friend said, 'You've been to church; you've heard of the Bible; who made *it*?' 'Why him as made the almanac,' said the farmer. This is the man conceived by Plato; stolid, chained neck and foot; we will not glorify ourselves, but we will pity that mind. Man, as we have seen by some remarks made not long since, has an inner consciousness; he in whom this is unawakened is not yet a man. The consciousness of hunger and thirst; the consciousness of night and day; the consciousness of weariness and pain; these are not the things which make a man. No! The poet, immortal for such dissection and description, has said of one he has described:—

'He roved among the vales and streams,  
In the green wood and hollow dell;  
They were his dwellings night and day,  
But nature ne'er could find a way  
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

'In vain through every changeful year  
Did Nature lead him as before;  
A Primrose by a river's brim  
A yellow Primrose, was to him,  
And it was nothing more.

'In vain through water, earth, and air,  
The soul of happy sound was spread,  
When Peter, on some April morn,  
Beneath the broom or budding thorn,  
Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

At noon, when by the forest's edge  
He sat beneath the branches high,  
The soft blue sky did never melt  
Into his soul,—he never felt  
The witchery of the soft blue sky.

On a fair prospect some have looked—  
And felt, as I have heard them say,  
As if the moving time had been  
A thing as steadfast as the scene  
On which they gazed themselves away.

'But Nature could not touch his heart  
By lovely forms, and silent weather,  
And tender sounds ;—yet you might see  
At once that Peter Bell and she  
Had often been together.

'There was a hardness in his cheek,  
There was a hardness in his eye ;  
As if the man had fixed his face  
In many a solitary place,  
Against the wind and open sky.'

Behold in Peter Bell the man of the cave.

But we are disposed to indulge in another portrait, for the man of callous and lost sensibility is not the only one to whom life is as the immuring wall of a cave ; it is also true that what is best in us, very frequently enslaves us to what is also worst in us ; the senses are a Divine gift to man, but they have often been excited until they have become the very means of riveting his chain, and more completely compelling him to the desolation of his cave. The cell of the lunatic has frequently been peopled by visions strange and gorgeous as any beheld by the healthy eye of the pilgrim of Nature.

Plato speaks of the phantoms of the cave beheld by the dwellers there as real, and as their only conceptions of reality. Lord Bacon speaks of the idols of the den. In our own day there is no want of such ; the poor man in the cave is haunted by phantoms. Awakened as we have seen, and attempting to realize his better being, we cannot be surprised that an involved scenery gathers round the awakening intelligence of the man ; he is haunted by the phantoms of a double consciousness ; the shadows of a sensuous and a moral consciousness flit perpetually before his being ; he is perpetually moved by visions which seem to contradict, even seek to thwart, each other ; the actual and the ideal, the practical and the prophetic, are constantly interpreting, or apparently so, the scenery of the cave differently. Within the cave goes on the whole of the debate between those two apparently hostile spirits of the cave—the reason and the

faith. Woe be to the man who puts them against each other in hostile encounter. We do great and serious wrong to our nature when we represent these two as opposite to each other, for it is only by both that man can ever escape from the cave. Reason is only the hand of faith, as faith is ever the eye of reason; it is ever a sad thing when the man beholds these as effigies on the wall rather than strives to make them the actualities of his being.

The things of the mind are explained by resolute looking. Resolute lookers into these things have seen more, and have solved much. Mr. Hinton looks clearly, quietly, and resolutely; but many who have slightly glanced within the haunted mind or consciousness start away in terror. Our old nurse used to tell us of a wonderful young lady, gifted we should say, with great presence of mind, who, standing and combing out her hair at eleven or twelve o'clock at night, before her glass, saw a closet door behind her open, and a strange head appear where no head should be. She neither screamed nor fled, but continued combing her hair, then quietly advanced towards the door, locked it, and so at last aided in catching a robber. And we have heard of a picture, the eyes of which have marvellously enough seemed to move, and when the brave heroine looked behind she found there a tricky chamber-maid playing the ghost. Our mind is a haunted chamber or cave, and those who have the courage to be perplexed by the phantoms which glide through it, should have the courage also to step into the secret closet of the soul, and track the ghosts to their abode. We know little beside the pictures of things, and pictures of things frighten us. Wonderful are the secrets of the cave; great is the power of the phantom-band over us. We feel that our power, and our conquest, and our sympathy, is in the very haunted chamber within us. Who has not stepped into a camera—up the flight of steps—into the dark chamber, there just one insignificant little crevice, and now see in all its colour and its beauty, and its life and loveliness is the picture of the world without. How does it get in here? We have all some such chambers. In them the dead never die, or if they die they come to life again. How vividly the bands of the past throng and flock before us. What is that imaging power? We have stepped into that inner secret place, and heard a breathing softer than our own, and trembled lest our own should stir it to departure. At will we can step into the old room and see the beloved face,—the ancient crimped cap we knew so well in our boyhood,—the bright Christmas evening,—the old school-room at the hush of the evening hour,—the dead master—and the rimy trees in the park,—and the hearth flames, and the red curtains of the first home. Ghosts!—Can't we raise them? The imagining power

within us is strong to people our cave with them, even by the thousand in an hour. We often feel, after we have visited our Plato's cave, that we have made a thousandfold more sure to us, in vivid impressions of these things, the assured duration of our own being. Nor do we know how much we are indebted for all power and for all hope, to our ability to visit the wells of recollection.

In the wilderness of life there is a lone fountain; few discover it. The Arab and the Bedouin, on their wild steeds, pass even within hail of it, but they never turn aside to slake their thirst at it. Around it stretches the desert, the hot and burning sands,—the red-hot copper sky; the fiery and passionate sun; no flower seems to spring on the sandy margin,—no palms or almond trees; and only around it play fitful mirages, and fata-morgana. And yet the fountain is there; and there are those who have drank of it, and drink of it,—a perpetual welling and flowing spring; and those who can leave the horse and the harness of life behind, find their way to its waves. It is the fountain of re-collection, the true fountain of life and being. To drink of its waters is to live indeed.

Something of what all highest life is, we may know, even in the little parable of Nathaniel Hawthorn. Have we not all heard of Dr. Heydigger's experiment? Dr. Heydigger was a quaint antiquary; a little tanned leathern automaton of a man—withal an old bachelor—he lived amidst queer old vellum-bound and brazen-clasped books, and skeletons of men of every race, and of strange birds and beasts, and plants, and gums; and once he invited a few old friends to see him, 'for,' said he, 'I am about to make an experiment, and I should like you to be the witnesses of it.' What could it be? Was he about to make a skeleton speak, or a mammoth's bones dance? So, after tea, to which he had invited the widow Wycherly, and the grave, old gouty Colonel Chesterton, and the somewhat foppish, although faded, old Mr. Westerby,—'You have heard,' said he, 'of the fountain of youth?'—they had all heard of the fountain of youth. 'Now,' said he, 'this vase is filled with the water of the fountain of youth. 'Look,' said he, 'upon this rose; it was given to me by Silvia Weston the night before we were to have been married—fever seized her, she died the next day. I have kept it ever since. Poor rose!—how faded it is! but look, I dip it into these waters of this vase, and lo!—' and indeed the rose bloomed out as if it had been only that instant gathered. 'You have heard of the marvellous effects of the fountain of youth; well,' said the doctor, 'drink, and be young again.' They drank, and they felt the waters like wine flowing through their veins, and they all travelled back to the days they

had known of old—alas ! not wisely, for the simulation of youthful airs and manners, it must be admitted, does not sit so well on aged forms. The old lady became a coquette ; some ill-natured people have said, that ladies never have to become coquettes ; one of the gentlemen became again a sturdy soldier, and another an active speculator, till Dr. Heydigger's rose lost its dewy moisture, and he took it, and placed it again in its old accustomed place, and all was over.

We are all young again when we do anything which can be called great or good. We drink of the fountain of recollection, and our youth is restored to us ; it is re-collected being when the bright and vividly-coloured conception mounts into the imagination—when the glowing impulse fires the spirit with the high, and generous, and noble thought. And indeed, it is no honour to be old ; it is the crown and glory of our life to preserve the identity of its being—to live over its first and best impressions. All our best things are re-collected youth—best paintings, best words, best deeds, are only the ingenuity and ingenuousness of childhood shining through the adamant and diamond of age. It is the aim of genius to disimprison the nature. When a man suspects us of evil, when we only are conscious of integrity, we say, poor man, he has forgotten to be young ; he thinks all life has shrivelled and corrupted down into the sordid clay of life. We often fancy our highest development will only be perfected recollection, and our immortality, the return of wearied feet and wearied wings, to drink of the immortal fountain of the first youthhood of our race in a clime where no serpent can coil, and no temptation dishallow, and no tear mingle with the waves of the fountain.

On the whole one cannot but say, how great was the wisdom of these ancient men, and of them all not one was wiser than this illustrious Plato ; but even he saw better, man in his degradation and in his cave than in his elevation and in his glory. There are some things in this very book, 'The Republic,' which may merit the denunciation of Paul—'Confessing themselves wise, they became fools'—while in his review, and reference to the golden age, he concludes by saying, 'These things we must omit until a fair interpreter come.' Well, may we not say that the fit interpreter has come ? Has not He appeared who is the light of the world, and has He not appeared for the very purpose of conducting man from the darkness of his natural cave ? Exact indeed is the harmony of view between Plato's estimate of human nature and the New Testament estimate of him. But in Plato there was no bright exhilarating truth to stream through the cave—no sacred, hallowed, Divine Liberator appeared to pierce the gloom, to break the chain, to chase, the phantoms—to proclaim to the man in

the cave his freedom. What was to be effected, was to be effected by the cold processes of logic, and gymnastics, and law. Before all things, it is ours to proclaim the entrance of the Prince of Light into the cave, to destroy its fetters. This great truth gives vitality to every other truth. But for this, what is literature—anywhere? And without it what does the study of science become?—a veil between the faces of man and God.

‘When will the hundred summers die,  
And thought and time be born again;  
And newer knowledge drawing nigh,  
Bring truth that sways the soul of man?  
Here all things in their age remain,  
As all were ordered ages since;  
Come Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,  
And bring the fated Fairy Prince.’

Perhaps our readers will think we have left Mr. Hinton; indeed we have not; but we must beg them then to turn to those pages, and to expound them to their own minds. The book is not mere metaphysical sport; we know it is clear and lucid in its style; it is quiet and singularly unpretentious in its tone, and has in it the deep marks of a conscientious and ardently inquiring spirit. We must venture to believe that the author has not given their due weight to some matters which are a greater burthen upon our hearts than they appear to his. The author is too noble a man, and too much in earnest with his subject, to say severe things to his readers; but we are sorry to find how he charges the heresy ‘that the resurrection is past already,’ upon the Church in general. We can find ourselves believing, as we hope we have long believed, the main position of his book, although stated in another manner, without relieving ourselves by the doctrine of universal redemption and restoration independent of the Scripture statements and words. We must believe that there is a real death in life of the soul after death. Our Lord would not have given himself a sacrifice with such peculiar agony, he would not have bowed himself with such consciousness of wretchedness, had there been no fearful possibility of the duration of eternal sorrow after all; we accept, however, Mr. Hinton’s Essay as an attempt to interpret nature.

Dr. Bushnell, in his admirable essay on ‘Nature and the Supernatural,’ has spoken of nature as we know it, as a pebble lying on the beach of the great ocean of eternity before it; it is a very subordinate part of that universal and Divine system. The pebble would be very conceited to think that it contained within itself the all in all; and yet our talk is really usually no wiser than this—‘We limit the holy one of Israel.’ The object of

Christianity is to reach the pebble, chafing on the shores of being, to put within it new life, and a holy, hallowed, and hallowing consciousness. It may be supposed that Mr. Hinton and Dr. Bushnell would not agree in their statements of what seems to each to be truth in their most valuable and thoughtful works; works which, in no play spirit, should be read by all who desire to receive reverently the teachings of the universe. But Mr. Hinton would agree with Dr. Bushnell when he states that—‘This is, in fact, the grand all-conditioning truth of Christianity itself. That man has no ability in himself, and by merely acting in himself, to become right and perfect; and that hence, without some extension to him from without and above, some approach and ministration that is supernatural, he can never become what his own ideas require.’ It is true, as Dr. Bushnell has said, God loves character. He has divided the universe into powers and things—or persons and things. Perhaps Mr. Hinton might demur to the classification; certainly the whole work of God is to transform the human being from a thing into a power, or a person; to make that living and loving which was dead, and therefore beingless; and for kindling a new soul in man, we know nothing better than Mr. Hinton’s volume, Dr. Bushnell’s and Dr. John Young’s ‘Province of Reason.’ Dr. Young’s book, like its companions is full of fine healthy bracing thoughts, it is not too much to say we know not where we could find so fine an entrance into the temple of the human soul. There would be found in all these writers, great as their apparent difference, this real relation, that man is in the dungeon of his being; that his detention there is voluntary; that God has Himself put in his hand a key by which he may escape from the chain. Dr. Young says in a passage of nervous and most animating eloquence:—

“‘Read—within!’ is the audible command of his own mind, to every human being—“Read—*within!*” Go down to the deep place of intuitions, which own no earthly fountain! Search, Look, Gaze, Try to detect and decipher the mysterious writing on the primitive tablets of the soul, which no created hand has traced! Listen, also! in that profoundest, sacredest adytum—away, from all outer sounds, which derange and dull the organ of hearing, wait for the faintest whisperings of the holy oracle! Look and Listen, Wait and Gaze, long, patiently, painfully! The oracle *will* utter itself, the hidden, holy writing *will* shine out, and some Divine letters, words, sentences *will* become legible to the eye! Nor can this do other than prompt and help the study, not less, but more eager, and humble, and reverent, of the pages of the outward inspiration. *That*, like another mystic Shekinah, will illumine the deep adytum and suffuse it with a Diviner glory. But whether in the first, more dim, mysterious light, or in the

later, brighter effulgence, Reason is the eye of the soul, which Faith submissively and joyously follows. What the one describes, the other accepts. The two are one ; at least a harmony, if not a unity.

Calm, eager, piercing is the gaze of Reason. It is the eye of profound, abstracted contemplation, now turned downward to the deepest depths of the being and again lifted upward to the sphere of the Eternal, that it may find what is written in the one, interpreted and confirmed by the other. There are select moments in the mental history, sacred to the higher reason, when it is not so much *exerted* by us, as visited, independently of effort on our part, with wondrous illumination. It is not an elaborative, but a purely receptive, at the most, a contemplative faculty. There are select moments, when its receptive power and the positive impartations made to it and the openings into the unknown, through which it may gaze, all are extraordinary. It may be with the Volume of Inspiration before us and its holy teachings lifting up our minds—it may be, in the secret chamber, when we are upon our knees, before the "All-seeing"—it may be on the lone mountain or in the deep forest wild—it may be, in the silence and outspread darkness of midnight—alone, far from human fellowship ! The eye of reason sweeps the horizon all around, and the whole expanse of the concave, overhead. Like as some absorbed worshipper of science, in his solitary tower of observation, while all the world is asleep, directs his telescope, now to one quarter of the heavens and again to another ; the eye of the spiritual seer, the spiritual seeker, gazes forth and upward. Thus it may have gazed, often and long, but in vain. At length, the moment comes when a single, brilliant, glittering, spark-point, like a precious star, a solitary jewel on the brow of night, is descried. Perhaps another glints out and perhaps even another still. It is rapture, worth all the gazing, and waiting, and watching, and disappointment, and frequent sickness of heart !

Wait on ! Brave soul—seeker after imperishable eternal truth, Light is worth waiting for. It *shall* spring up. More and yet more shall break forth, to the upward, eager eye. But the realm of the darkness is vast, the points of light are few. We anticipate, we *long* for another state of being. Shall there ever be to us an atmosphere without clouds, a day to which there is no night ? "*In Thy Light—'Thou Eternal Fount'*—we shall see Light !"

Mr. Hinton, too, bows to the same authority :—

'W. Long ago was the question asked : Shall not the judge of all the earth do right ? Science has answered it ; He does.

'R. That is not enough.

'W. It is not. He is not only holy. If righteousness looks down from heaven, truth springs up from the earth. Righteousness and peace have kissed each other. God gives life to man, His life for man. He has shown us what he does, and why. So we can rest and trust in Him. The reason of all things is that man must be redeemed. If in all our sorrows, all our joys, we could but think of that !

'*R.* 'Tis time there came some change in our presents thoughts. The world is tired of its endless round. Who is content ?

'*W.* I do not know. There are many who try to make themselves content, who think it a religious duty. But who will fairly look upon the world and say : I *am* content ?

'*R.* I would not be the man. Unless, indeed, it is true that God is redeeming man, and that all this history is the destroying of the death within him. If I could believe that I should be happy.

'*W.* You would be. You could not help it. The power of an overwhelming joy would carry you along, compelling you to throw all your heart and soul into God's work. It would save you to believe ; to believe in Christ, THE REDEEMER OF THE WORLD.'

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## VI.

### EXETER HALL: A FICTION.\*

IN this pleasing book we have the ring of the rattle-snake without its fang ; there is venomous willingness enough in the creature, but its willingness is equalled by its impotence, and so that which was intended for venom turns into froth and drivel. It is in brief a story of starved curates ; and never was there such a story told. This may be safely said. The author has a keen sense of the improbable, and the impossible, and he has grouped all his improbabilities together. The volume is not only fiction, it is of the very highest order of fiction—the concentrated essence of fiction ; of that order of fiction whose essence is described best in a word of three letters. So to speak the fiction is Gargantuan, though it has no pretensions to Pantagruelism in humour. In this undelightful jest book we have satire without heart, bitterness without a touch of feeling ; little bits of mock sentiment go flaunting up and down, like Cleopatras of seventy, simpering 'Ain't I pretty ;' but there is not one relieving touch of nature either in character or scenery,—there is a flower, and a mountain, and a waterfall, here and there, but it's all paperstaining, and very badly done, as paper-staining, too. Here is a little bit of the pathetic :—

'It is much to be regretted that it may be said of any one who ever lived in Bloomsbury, with chapel influences not very common, that

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\* *Crispin Ken.* By the author of 'Miriam May.' Third Edition. London : Saunders and Otley.

Jasper Lyle, never within his memory, ever went to church. He had never meant to go. Perhaps his mother had taken him when he was yet quite little; and God would reckon more of us up at the awakening of the world, if we would only let our mothers oftener lead us—if I may measure every mother by my own.'

That stroke about God reckoning us up is very effective. How dexterously has the artist there wrought into his conception of that last and highest sublimity his delicate little bit of slang.

The author of this interesting work is fond of monsters, of moral monsters. Why not? The book is very extensively advertised as all founded on fact; the author really knows the people whose likeness he has sketched; 'walk up gentlemen; walk up and see the real animal, all alive, all alive.' This is in fact what this funny man says to us. The leading person in the book is not Crispen Ken, but a certain Ruy Lyle, who really is a very bad fellow. 'If he was sometimes at the opera, he was always at church; if he never missed the Ascot cup he had never missed the meetings in the Strand, of the May before.' 'He was always in the Strand in the month of May, but then he was also always at the Derby.' 'Mr. Lyle was believed by a great class of people to be just then the chief obstacle in the country to Antichrist.' 'He had gone about with infinite simplicity of method, giving away Bibles and betting against horses. He was perfectly well made up. He wrote tracts that got into any number of editions—against the race course. He invited young men to come to listen to the account he had arrived at, with tolerable certainty, of the end of the betting-man.' He was the proprietor of seventeen chapels in good working order. In the House of Commons, and at Exeter Hall, he was the representative of Evangelical Protestantism. He took in two copies of the *Record*.

We, therefore, have ventured to suggest a slight alteration in the style of the book. We even venture to think that our title really more accurately describes the subject-matter of the volume, for it is greatly occupied by delineations of Exeter Hall; the intention of the book being to show that that unfortunate building has a tendency to foster the crime of murder and swindling. And we learn by the very extensively-circulated advertisements—that 'it is necessary to state that the story is founded upon fact, and that most of the characters it presents are *taken from life*.' [We give the author the benefit not only of this statement but of his own italics too.] 'This should be more distinctly known, in consequence of the increasing efforts of the Low Church party to injure the book, to discredit the facts as exaggerations, and to represent its characters as caricatures. The author of "Crispin Ken" has been indebted almost wholly to materials supplied by

the actual lives of members of the Evangelical party ; and if the book does hold up a spectacle of evangelical life that is not immaculate, the spectacle is only a reflection of what is really going on.' There is, indeed, only one character in the book who belongs to the Evangelical party. Mr. Ruy Lyle, who is the author's type-man of what Evangelicalism is. The great characteristic of Mr. Ruy Lyle is, that he is unable to look any body straight in the face, at which we don't wonder, for he really is a very unpleasant and uncomfortable man ; indeed the character of the book might have been better given in some such title as 'The Unglancing Monster ; or, the Story of the Blood-stained Evangelical.' For Mr. Lyle is not only a hypocrite, but he is A 1 in hypocrisy. He suggests murder, and he commits murder—he is a swindler and scoundrel of the very highest magnitude—and he is known as chief Chairman of Exeter Hall—and the narrative is founded on fact !

The scenery of this interesting fiction is laid in Cumberland—at Windermere ! where it seems Dissenters have for some time been very abundant. Most people have seen Windermere now-a-days, and the region of 'The Lakes,' but this genuine and most unutterable of cockneys, fancies Windermere to be a town, with pawnbrokers and chapels, and churches, and all the street ramifications of a large town. And what do our readers think of Helvellyn in this picture :—

'The mountains of Cumberland lent to the work of art a beautiful and grand back-ground of nature, as they arose around on every side. The garden, under glass itself, was meant to look like a Swiss valley, and with the snow on the mountain tops outside—it often rests upon those tops until the end of May—it seemed like Switzerland itself spread out.

'All, for a moment, looked upon the scene in silence ; all but Mr. Lyle, who, without affectation, stood unmoved, watching the successful issue of his own creation.

'There were goats on the rock ; and before a chalet Mr. Lyle, for a minute, stopped. The door was opened by one who was dressed as a Swiss serving-man ; and as they passed through, a lovely scene had opened up. Helvellyn closed it in—Helvellyn, hoar with snow. At their feet Switzerland in miniature ; a cascade here, a mountain stream there. It was hard to feel that that was imitation. Mr. Lyle still led on, and turning a high-stretching rock, a dozen serving-men and women, all dressed as Swiss, were sitting round the good things they had come to serve.'

Poor dear grand old Helvellyn, he has been very badly treated by innumerable scribblers, but never before was there such an ungracious pasquinade upon all facts and possibilities ; but, as we

said, a few improbabilities, more or less, are nothing to a man with the author's bold powers of generalization. But this *brochure* has read—where has it read? The *Morning Post* says, 'It is the subject of conversation throughout the country.' The thing says it is in its third edition. We do not know, indeed, how many copies go to make an edition, or whether all the editions were worked off at once in expectation of the vast demand. And so we suppose it has found its market in conveying to the time honoured scions of Belgravia, some conceptions of those ugly ogres of which they have heard—'low churches' and 'dissent,'—and very correct are the ideas which it conveys on many matters.

Thus it will be seen that our author has a very bad opinion of society; perhaps some bitter cynic might say, 'Well, so much the better for society.' Especially he is very caustic upon the charitable societies of London:—

'Religious influence must be, from the number of its professors, perhaps, of any influence, the easiest to be simulated well. There were not ten found who could stand the searching test in the Cities of the Plain; and whilst it might not be hard to get together, in a good-sized room, any number of what are called "deservedly respected people," it might be quite as hard to find the ten that Abraham could not find, in the moral city of London in 1861.

'It is not saying any too much that the ten would be looked for in these days on some genial platform, to startle the world out of ten evils; for it is believed that these platforms keep society from going to the bad. The consolation, that those excluded from the general confidence, that the platform gives, would get, is that the ten might not be found, where the witness of what is best, and purest, and brightest, is never found—in the minutes of any society.'

This great reformer, in the pages of fiction, while he has a decided bias against Exeter Hall; has as decided a bias in favour of the Derby. That great national institution represents to his mind the upright and noble side of English character. To find a solitary page fit for praise, the description of the Derby Day is the only thing in the book with any dash of vigour or nature. Yet, it is this author's opinion, that on the Derby—not in our stores of trade, or in our temples of religion, still less in our Exeter Halls—we must look for the last remnants of honour and integrity. Let us be very still and listen to the gentlemen:—

'The last five minutes before the Derby is run off, is worse than waiting for the man to die that you believe will leave you money. There is nothing quite like it in the world besides. Every one has gathered there to see what will be done in about three minutes of

time. Parliament has decided not to sit, so that it may share in seeing the issue.

‘Nothing ever bears so much as those three minutes after three on the last Wednesday in May. A nation never comes all together, with its worst and its best, for any other thing. Nor was it any libel on “Evangelical Protestantism” that Ruy Lyle, or any other of its professors, should be there. The most serious Protestant platform may learn something that it may well learn, by much of that which obtains upon the turf. Thousands there change hands without any security at all ; and amongst some of the most likely of that platform’s preachers, thousands do not always change hands, where it is believed that there has been the very best security.

‘No one comes there upon those downs to think that he will lose ; or there are those who could never sit and hear that bell begin to ring. The young must become old, and the youngest grey, and he searches for *his* horse, as Tattenham Corner is well passed. It is a bit of life that you will not see anywhere upon this earth, but upon those downs, upon that day. To hear those throats gurgling upon the name that *ought* to win ; to see those eyes fixed on the horse that *must* not lose.

‘And all that money will change hands without one law that can insure its changing. It is nothing but a moral obligation. A man need only do what he may like to do ; and what would a moral obligation do, in many other places, where there are covenants, and bonds, and other things, after which it is believed a man may sometimes trust his fellow ?

‘There are not so many other places where honour stands a chance without security, or sometimes even with it. The odds are given and taken, and there are thousands on the issue ; and though that issue rests on nothing but a horse’s legs, there is better faith in settling at “the corner,” than with many of the more professed religious kind, who have patented a way to heaven.’

The author has a very serious ground of quarrel against ‘the uncharitable ignorance of which *Exeter Hall* is the church, and the *Record* the organ.’ Indeed, this novel of ‘Crispen Ken’ is to the *Record* and its Low Churchism very much what the *Record* is to Dissenters, though our amiable author would no doubt be willing to exemplify his charitable dispositions towards the one as readily as towards the other. We learn, indeed, that all the Low Church vicars charge ‘the inexorable shilling’ before they admit their hearers ; and even while this sheet is going through the press, we read the following declaration in the *Record* of July the 24th :—

‘The difficulties which have to be surmounted in the removal of a church are no objection, but the contrary, to our Church system ; no sign of bondage, but the dictate of a sound and commendable wisdom.

Even when necessary and desirable, it must be done in the broad light of day, and with the concurrence of the powers that be, both in Church and State. Contrast with this the facilities with which, from any cause, a Dissenting chapel may be pulled down, removed, or sold, irrespective of the necessities of the neighbourhood, or any other consideration whatever, but the inclination of the trustees, *and the desire to escape from a poor to a well-to-do population.* Which is the sounder principle,—that of the Established Church, which, with a wise and prudent consideration, takes account of tens as well as of thousands, and not only aims to provide, but when provided, resolutely preserves a fold for the scattered flock of a sparsely-populated district as well as for the herding masses of a crowded city, be they poor or rich; or that of the voluntary and commercial system, which abandons a locality at the very time when, beyond all others, it demands evangelistic and pastoral agencies, and which, in seeking for new openings, inquires, not which is the most dark and destitute place, but which affords the fairest prospect of an adequate return? content to leave the dark and destitute to "the City Missionaries" and "a few street preachers."

A Paper which so cheerfully takes a retainer for the expression of its 'malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness' against Dissenters, can scarcely demand much sympathy, when it is also charged in turn with 'pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy;' for ourselves we commend that beautiful prayer, of their own liturgy, to both the *Record*, and the author of 'Crispin Ken,'—they both seem to have used it so often as to have forgotten it.

The author is too imbecile to be in the pay of the *Saturday Review*, but he admires that able and unflinching fast man's gazette, and esteems it as the model of Church of Englandism. The *Record* does not need and would not thank us for any championship of ours. The *Record*, and the Evangelicals of the Church have, we believe, little more sympathy to spare for Dissenters than the High Church party. Indeed, with few individual exceptions, all the parties in the Church of England are quite disposed to treat Dissenters from their communion with contempt, if not with persecution. The *Record* is of course more narrow and bitter than the party it is supposed to represent; and it must be humiliating to that party to know that their paper is incomparably the most ignorant and illiterate religious paper emanating from any religious body in England; indeed, we know the vicar of one of our most interesting suburban seats who expressed his conviction that the *Record* was the great obstacle to the spread of Evangelical opinions in the Church; and he was a man eminent and honoured, a man of genius and a scholar, and holds a position in the Church of forty years standing. But we doubt not the thing has a conscience, though it is a conscience regulated

much more by the relation of the incumbent's income to the Thirty-nine Articles, than by any sovereign and commanding principles of faith. The *Record* is very much the organ of the working clergy of our larger towns, and it is in the large towns alone that the circles of the clergy and the Nonconformists ever touch each other in the way of sympathy. There the Nonconformist has power over opinion, and is able to awaken it into action. The Church of England, but for its voluntarism would be a defunct thing. In all our large towns the real power there has been created, called into activity by the Nonconformist elements of society. It is the very nearness of the Incumbent to the Congregational minister which makes the propinquity dangerous, and necessitates the narrowing or heightening the fence, in order to mark the limitations. The intolerance of these men is sometimes most ludicrous. Even the Bishop of London the other day, in a speech at Islington, in comparing the progress of the population with the efforts made to overtake it, in the indulgence of some mournful Jerimiad entirely left out of his calculation all that Nonconformists had done within the same period to meet the spiritual wants of the community. We have no faith in the existence of any amount of charity or sympathy in the hearts of any of the Evangelical clergy towards Dissenters. We believe that High Churchmen, and Broad Churchmen, who are very much the same party with a mere difference of theological opinion, treat Nonconformists with contempt, and Low Churchmen treat them with ill concealed hatred, while the Nonconformists treat both with indifference, their highest and wisest policy, and prosecute their own path: That path, however, leads to the point where, in public labour, of necessity, they come in contact with the Low Churchman, while a certain apparent unity of theological sentiment brings them into relation on the platforms of Evangelical Alliances. A unity in which, however, the clergyman usually seems heartily ashamed of his companionship, escapes from it as soon as possible, and takes care never to acknowledge it but as a kind of *coup de grace* or *coup d'etat*. This is, we believe, substantially the opinion of the columns of the *Record*, a paper of which we believe it is simply justice to say that Church of Englandism never looks so utterly contemptible as in its alternating columns of vinegar and milk and water. This said, we have said our worst; we believe the thing has a conscience, albeit the conscience of a cuttle-fish, which makes the wave around it black and dirty, and inky, to escape its destroyer. We have no sympathy with the vile traducings of our amiable aspirant after High Church honours.

It has been the wont of reviewers to hold up the wares of the

article given to them to exhibit or expose in their pages. We will devote here a page to the elegant extracts from this work, concerning our author's opinions upon man and society ; some of his views are terrible. Yet we cannot so far compliment our author as to say '*Fenum habet in cornu longe fugæ*;' we should rather use Joe Gargery's characterization of Mrs. Gargery, and describe him as 'on the Rampage': what horns he may have do not here show themselves, and there is therefore no sign of any triumph over the hay. We fancy some fast young lady sometimes tapping our author with her fan, and saying, 'Oh, you *are* so bitter, you naughty thing.' For he is quite a Rouchfoucauld or a Bruyere in his way—a very small way. But then a dog's a dog, whether it be a Newfoundland or a cur; so the Frenchmen shall be the Newfoundland and our author the little animal; and here are some of his barkings:—

"*Liberalism*" is for the people, just so long as it suits its own purpose. It panders by rule. It is patriotic by accident.'

*Universal Hollowness*.—'Everything is hollow; and perhaps from the platform-world comes the greatest hollow that the world provides.'

[It is a very interesting question to physiologists how the Hydatid gets into the Pig. It was to George III., we know, an interesting question how the apple got into the dumpling, but this is even a far more interesting question, raised by the above luminous passage; namely, how that which was hollow got out of that which was empty.]

'But if you begin to suspect the "*Evangelical world*," there can be no sort of stopping. It is at the head of everything in this country. It corresponds with weak people in the Protestant parts of the continent of Europe. It provides a perfectly sublime series of religious bankers. It puts up gentlemen to feed serious Magdalenes with thin bread and butter, and to see them to some "*Home*" in cabs. It is even believed lately to have raised up a First Minister at a trying crisis in the Church. But something has come between that remarkable "*Evangelical*" agency, which has a good deal shaken the regular religious world.

'Two or three religious bankers, by getting too much out of the talents in their hands, have been placed in awkward situations—situations possibly grossly misconceived by the non-religious world. There have been the same painted faces, coming on a second night, for a second help of the bread and butter; and the providentially provided First Minister has turned out rather "*funny*" for the head of "*Evangelical Protestantism*."

'This, of course, may show how much, what is called the religious world, can stand and keep its place; but it may quite well also show that there is, perhaps, some unsuspected religion about, which never

appears in the programmes of the "religious world." You cannot stop the "Evangelical world" being very exclusive and excluding you; but you will, if you can wait outside, have your innings when you see perhaps its chiefest belonging taken in a cab to Newgate. The cab goes on to Newgate, and its religious fare is left there; but the religion, which would have been dried up if it had been dependent anything on him, is nothing the worse for his sudden going out of the "religious world."

'It is difficult to believe that grammar can ever recover from confusion, when you hear a vestryman upon his legs; and it is as difficult to believe that religion can ever recover its simplicity, after its treatment by the platform of "Evangelical Protestantism." If this platform has generally done a great deal for hypocrisy, it has only failed when it has done nothing for bitterness. It has often been necessary to apologize for the folly of some of its conclusions, and for the rancour of some of its attacks; but latterly, it has been necessary to give hard labour to some of its members.'

We have heard something said of the style of this inimitable performance, and we must say something in way of commendation here too; indeed it strikes us as new, but it is too Pre-Raphaelitish, too hard in its outline, too much in the manner of Mrs. Nickleby; there is, as we intimated above, not a lack altogether of sentiment, but it is expressed much in the same way in which the gentleman over the wall would have expressed it in a hard sort of fashion; and if we might venture to describe it, we would say it might be spoken of as tipsy English. What do our readers think of the following gems? We select almost at random: they are all our author's own, punctuation and all:—

'The memory of what was dead was very fresh to him, and it is not well if to us that memory is ever like at all to die. It cannot, put it to what test you may, it will not die. I have seen it come between the heir with those wild oats in his hand, and the kiss of hell, the wine cup, and the leg; nor yet one grain of those oats there shall take root or straw whilst the memory of a mother lives. For every mother's memory held fast, the circles of the damned shall be the poorer.'

And here again is a little morsel to attempt to parse into some sense:—

'And there was no measure to their love; their world lay in that little home. To the one, the care unuttered, was lost in the sympathy that was felt to be supreme. That sympathy which might cast out fear for what could ever be.

'Oh! days, hours, minutes, what will be their measure, what their span, in the balance of the agonies that shall fret the coil you yet shall step on? Atoms as they shall be, when you take their reckoning in

the past, hold them when you can; believe in them, before your shrivelling faith shall see in every loveliness a lie. And when it seems you can, take thought that what you grasp, or better said, that what you *think* you grasp, has no more substance than the pictures of sleep, or the night mists of summer. And when it seems you can, the "when" shall be the "lie," its mockery the "life." "Ever" shall be the dream—the waking "never."

It is the funniest style—and yet we have some reason to think that the man has read and understood Chaucer; yet the sentences read like the turning of a crank; they are a nutmeg-grater or nut-cracker style—anything knotty, or tough, or turgid, or gnarled, and incomprehensible. The style has the flounce and colours and finery of an old coquette, with all her boniness and scragginess.

But we must close; the story is not without a moral, which all Evangelicals and frequenters of Exeter Hall are expected to learn by heart. It is this:—if you are Evangelical, you are most likely to commit murder, and go in a convict van to Newgate; if you go to Exeter Hall you will be sure to come to grief, therefore let us sing,

'Now all ye maids and married,  
Take warnin by this yer chap wots dead;  
Becos vy, if he hadn't a not done this yer wrong,  
He might have been here to sing this yer song.'

Oh, naughty Mr. Mudie, to exclude such a book from your library, and thus refuse your aid in teaching such moral lessons.

## VII.

## PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR OLD MAN.\*

THE Papacy is the hereditary nuisance of Europe; the only variety in its history being, that sometimes it has been, as in the middle ages, a terrible nuisance; and sometimes, as at this moment, a ludicrous nuisance. It is really quite shocking to think what a terrible old fellow this Pope is. In our last number we quoted some passages from Romish journalists, showing that the death of Cavour was the result of his excommunication by the Pope. And exhibiting his amazing facilities for mischief from his league with the powers of the spiritual world Dr. Manning says:—

‘Read the history of Christian Europe, and look along the line of its monarchs who have fought with the Vicar of Christ, and find me one who has ever contended against the temporal sovereignty of the Vicar of our Divine Lord, and has not been chastised. Find me one who has ever dared to resist the Divine ordinance of God, in whose history there is not written—nay scored, engraved in characters so deep, that the lapse of ages cannot efface them—the judgment of God upon that rebellious head. I will not go to old examples; I will take only one. There was one who rose to a zenith of power in Europe which has never been surpassed. His arms won the dominion of Spain; the whole of France was under his feet; Germany had been beaten down again and again in a succession of battles. He had been crowned king of Italy, and there was a king of Rome of his own making; Belgium was his; Sweden was reigned over by his creature; England remained as it were, floating on the waters; and there was one vast country defended by its own winters. These were the only barriers to his universal rule. But in the zenith of his power there was an old unarmed man in the Vatican, whom, most unchivalrously, his armed men took away in the dead of the night. Weak and sick as he was, they hurried him along, with the blinds of his carriage down, lest, whoso-

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- \* 1. *The Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes.* Three Lectures by the Very Rev. H. E. Manning, D.D., Provost of Westminster. Delivered in the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater. London: W. Knowls, Norfolk Road.
  - 2. *Our Holy Father the Pope—Who is He?* An Answer to a Flying Sheet. By Frank Fairplay. Richardson and Son.
  - 3. *The Present Crisis of the Holy See tested by Prophecy.* Four Lectures, by Henry Edward Manning, D.D. Burns and Lambert.
  - 4. *The Tablet*, June 15th, June 22nd. Lectures by the Right Rev. Dr. Manning, on the ‘Last Glories of the Holy See.’
  - 5. *Devotion to the Church.* By Frederick W. Faber, D.D.

ever should see him, should recognize him, and should know him to be the Vicar of Christ. That poor feeble man was in the grasp of the eagle; he was imprisoned at Savona, and at Fontainebleau. This great Emperor was king of the world, and when this poor feeble man affixed to the doors of his church the sentence of excommunication, the Emperor said, "Does he think this will make the muskets fall from the hands of my soldiers?" "Within three short years," as an historian, and himself a soldier in that great expedition, writes, "our men could not hold their muskets." You know the history; that which has been shall be.

Our writer continues:—

'The conclusion, then, I wish to establish is this, that the last glories of the Holy See will be greater than the first; for its imperishable vitality and divine tenacity of endurance has been, and ever will be, more and more luminously manifested in the struggle through which it is passing. It will be more clearly seen by all the world that the sole principle of stability to be found among men is the church Catholic and Roman; that all forms of human institution are transitory, dissolving, and self-destructive. The Roman State has been changed and fashioned again and again into counties and duchies, into kingdoms and provinces of empires. Where, I should like to know, at this moment, is the very name of those kingdoms and of their lords, who claimed to be its temporal governors? Where now is Napoleon, "King of Rome?" And where, to-morrow, will be Victor Emmanuel, "King of Italy?" All those occasional forms of rebellion, revolution, and disorder, which spring from the will of man, have a momentary success, and in a little while are not. God, with a Divine scorn and with a majestic indignation, smites them as small as the dust of the summer threshing-floor, and the winds of his derision sweep them from the face of the earth.'

There are few men to whom we have felt more deeply, even tenderly indebted than to Archdeacon Manning; his sermons have been frequently a source of strength and ministration to us; we were grieved—we scarcely were surprised—when we heard that he had become a pervert. He is an ascetic. Even his sermons, rich as they are in the best fulness of Gospel truth, and profoundly as they deal with the most subtle recesses and sins of the human heart, are from these very reasons, among other reasons, a help to the more ascetic tempers of the religious life. We have, however, prized his sermons highly, and it has been impossible for us to feel for him other than love and reverence as a teacher; we have even attempted to account for his departure to the recesses of a church where he might foster more securely the anchoritic puritanism of his nature, but it seems that it is impossible for any to enter that church and to remain loyal to Christ; and the way in which even Dr. Manning identifies the

person of the tattered and ragged old impotent imbecility occupying the chair of the apostles at Rome, with the person of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, is shocking and horrible. He does not hesitate to appropriate to the living Pope the words referring to our Lord—‘He is the sign which shall be everywhere spoken against; he is set for the fall and for the rising again of the nations.’ Dr. Manning continues:—

‘He is the test of the world; Pius IX., that despised name to those who are not of his family—he is the test of the world. And there are voices that are coming up now as of old, “Hail King of the Jews,” and they would fain blindfold him, and buffet him, and spit upon his face; they would mock him as a false king with a reed, a feeble reed, as an impotent king with a crown of thorns—mock loyalty from a revolting people, and they may say “away, we will not have this man to reign over us; we have no king but Caesar.” But he is Vicar of Him who will judge the world.’

In the same manner Dr. Faber talks:—

‘How temerarious it is to criticise the conduct of the Popes or the movements of the Church in the same way as we should criticise the acts of sovereigns or the aggression of states, and not rather to recognise with Jacob in Bethel, “Indeed the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.” And trembling he said, “How terrible is this place! this is no other but the house of God and the gate of heaven.” (Genesis xxviii.)

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‘There are times when loyalty can hardly be excessive. Is not this a time of that description? But, in truth, is there any time when loyalty to Christ’s Vicar can exceed in its self-sacrifice? O children of the church! if the times have dazzled any of you now with their earthly brightness, so that your eyes are too weak to bear the heavenly splendour of our Father’s tiara, at least *let your faith, your sadness, and your love do homage to his Crown of Thorns.*’

It is not too much to call this language the very chivalry of blasphemy.

There is something incomparably amusing and facetious in the arrogance with which papist writers disport themselves in the press. Do our readers remember a passage from Wiseman’s ‘Recollections of the Last four Popes.’ Ah, the supple Cardinal, would he express himself so now? Is not the following odoriferous conclusion wasted on the desert air?

‘Well, and no wonder he deemed himself invincible! And while he stood on his own ground, sat on his war-steed, or on his throne, he was so.

‘But there needed only a plain and simple monk, brought up in a cloister, ignorant of the world, single-minded in his aims, guileless and artless in his word and speech, not eloquent, nor brilliant in qualities or attainments, meek, gentle, sweet, humble minded, and devout; it required only a Pope of average character in the qualifications of his state, to prove that there was a power superior to that of a mighty conqueror, and give to the age a rival, though unbelted, hero.

‘And no wonder if the captor was made captive, and the conqueror was subdued. For he had left his own ground, he had dismounted from his charger, he had descended from his throne:—he had stepped into the sanctuary. And there the old man of mild aspect and gentle voice was in his own. And the whole could only be a repetition of a scene often repeated there; and its result was only the execution of an eternal law.

‘The Emperor Arcadius, more perhaps through evil council than through malice, had the great Bishop St. John Chrysostom removed from his patriarchal see, and carried away into the fastnesses of cold inclement mountains. Years after his death, Theodosius and Pulcheria made reparation in the same city, publicly and fearlessly, for the injury inflicted by their parents on so holy a man.

‘And has there been virtually no repetition of this same noble and generous scene? Upon how many a French soldier and officer has the splendid statute of Pius in the Vatican seemed to look down, smiling and forgivingly, and with hand outstretched to shed a blessing, at once sacerdotal and paternal?’

Meantime, how is the poor old gentleman who has such claims upon our more than affectionate regard? Is he sick, or is he well? for reports are very contradictory in this all-important matter. We are gratified, indeed, to learn that his foot is in good condition. Time has been when that foot was not alone alive, but kicking; in these days it is not kickable, but it is still kissable. We learn from our interesting cotemporary of the *Tablet* of July 20, that

‘The Polish peasant, Golomb, whose arrival in Rome as a deputation from his village to console the Pope, was narrated in the *Monde*, has been received by the Holy Father. Count Ladislaus Kulezycki acted as his interpreter, and translated to Pius IX. the simple language of the peasant, who, in his love and rapture, found words, exclamations, and tears in abundance. The Pope answered in these words:—“While the Church is forsaken by her children who are nearest to her, thou, man of a far distant land, hast quitted thy home; thou hast traversed Europe on foot, in order to come here to kiss the foot of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. And for this thou art blessed, and heaven’s blessings are upon thee. *Kiss, then, the Pope’s foot.* I bless thee, and in thee I bless all the Polish people.”

‘Golomb prostrated himself, and kissed the Holy Father’s foot,

who did not allow him to depart without taking with him a proof of his munificence.'

'Kiss, then, the Pope's foot!' Time has been when that choleric old personage has used his foot for other purposes than to be subjected to the embrace of ardent devotees. We have heard how literally it has been set upon the neck of the enemies of the Papacy. Meantime, it is undoubtedly true that he is sick—very sick, and, no doubt, very sorry. He is not only sick, but the old gentleman is also very poor. We have an instance of this in the gift made by the Holy Father to the Bazaar of the Immaculate Conception. The other day, in the *Tablet*, we read the following announcement:—

#### 'IMMACULATE CONCEPTION CHARITY.

'THE BEAUTIFUL PRESENT OF POPE PIUS IX. TO THE ORPHANS OF LONDON.

'When informed of our 20,000 neglected children, the Holy Father turned to a beautiful painting on porcelain of the Sacred Heart of our Lord and the Immaculate Heart of Our Lady, which stood on his table in a rich frame, surmounted by the Papal arms, and said:—"This has been a comfort to me in my troubles—it is a gift to me—but now I have nothing left to give except what is given to me. Let this go to the Orphans of London." He added his special Benediction:—

"Despoiled and made poor—Pope Pius gives not out of his abundance—but out of his want.

"Despoiled and made poor—he still keeps what man cannot take from him—the Catholic heart of the Vicar of Christ, that can feel for every woe of the universal Church, and mourn for the ruin of our children as for a household grief.

"Despoiled and made poor—he says with the first Pope—"Silver and gold have I none—but that which I have I give."

'In disposing of this much prized offering the Committee of Management are duly anxious—

'1. To carry out the intentions of the Holy Father, by looking to the interests of his poor children.

'2. To deal most fairly with the many who devoutly covet this sacred prize.

'3. To secure that it shall fall into the hands of such as will cherish and hand down as a family heir-loom this memorial of the Great Pontiff, whose portion has been, and is, and to all appearance will be, "cross upon cross."

'With this view they propose not to offer the present of Pope Pius for sale, but to let it be awarded by vote. They feel sure that the sale of the voting tickets will realize for the little ones of Christ the benefit that the Vicar of Christ desires for them.

'Any one, therefore, who desires to secure for himself or for any

friend, or family, or community, the present of Pope Pius to the orphans, can purchase voting tickets, and nominate and vote for the

CANDIDATE OF HIS CHOICE.'

We called attention the other day to some of the dodges of Romanism, and this seems to be a very good dodge; it looks like putting up for a lottery that which would not realize sufficiently by a sale.

We are called upon to 'pity the sorrows of this poor old man.' We will not pity them; on the contrary, we will rejoice over them as an illustration of the righteousness of God. The crimes of the Papacy have been often recited; they cannot be recited too often; they should be kept alive ever in the memory of men. Among the kings and cabinets of the earth, there have been many bloody chapters of cruelty, but we believe the most bloody chapter in history is, that: human nature, alas! is cruel; but the Popes, the royal fathers of the Church, during all the ages, exercised no restraining influence upon those mad and furious passions. If we yield ourselves, for a moment even, to pity, it is only in the feeling that the present Pope is the Eli of his Church; 'His sons have made themselves vile, and he restrained them not.' We know well enough that grey hairs are not to be insulted; nay, we know that the grey hairs of idiots of old were venerated; but when the scheming, cunning brow, clothed with grey hairs, finds all its glory gone, and that all its tricks have overtaken it and left it only in its old age a monument of its folly, men will look, and note, and read the lesson. Men are not exempted from service to the moralist, because, when their crimes have overtaken them they are old.

When great men sink into their dotage, or when mighty empires fall in their decline or decay, their descendants gratefully recite the deeds of their stronger and brighter days. But, reviewing the history of the Papacy, what single chapter or epoch of its history can the eye of the reader or the antiquary alight on that kindles a single grateful impulse in the heart? There is nothing generous, nothing great; there is royalty without magnanimity; there is profusion without generosity; there is majesty without strength. The world owes nothing to *Papal* Rome. Not from it, but from the opinion fostered without, the Christianity that existed by sufferance, or in obscurity, or in persecution, was the world blessed. *Papal* Rome, Ultramontaniam, has always been a grim and bloody Sheva in Christendom.

Alas then for poor old Lear! 'his daughters have brought him to this pass;' or, say his sons; though the priests of Rome are little better than cruel women. The man's foes have been those of his

own household. His Holiness has carried on his government by men who belong to the family of those eminent statesmen, Robson and Redpath. Antonelli, his chief minister, has at any rate the reputation of being a very Monti Christo of crime. He has a pretty ancestry. 'He was born,' says About, 'in a den of thieves!' and, unless the universal voice of fame belies him, he has practised his whole life the lessons derived from his brigand ancestry. His wealth is unlimited. Such cardinals have amazing opportunities of acquiring unlimited wealth. He is in every sense the Mazarin of Rome, and of his age. His wealth has been made by those gambling dodges of commerce which an unprincipled minister of finance, above the voice of public opinion or the justice of law, can always employ. Sydney Smith said, 'The Bishop of — is so like Judas, that I now firmly believe in the apostolical succession.' We may say that Antonelli is so like Judas, that *we* believe in the apostolical succession. We believe it is Mrs. Gretton who gives to us some illustrations of his method of raising his personal finances; and it furnishes us with a very clear idea of the mode in which he became rich. The markets were startled one day by a prohibition upon the export of corn—there was a dread of scarcity—and grain was sold at very small prices. Some persons had misgivings, for there was a silent and almost simultaneous demand for it over the country. Some of the merchants who knew the tricks of state, exclaimed, 'Ah, there is some devilry here!' The prohibition was removed for a limited period; ports opened for a moment; very great numbers of merchants scoured the country, but nothing was left them—all was sold, sold unsuspectingly to Cardinal Antonelli's brother, for he had, and has, a perfect monopoly of the corn trade. It was cleverly done; just in the very nick of time, down comes another courier; the ports are closed; the curtain falls upon the brother,—and somebody else chuckling over 100,000 dollars, realized by this great little corn transaction. It is said the Devil is not so black as he is painted, but that must be a very nigritic painter who can overcolour the blackness of Antonelli. This is the kind of statesman Rome has always loved and kept in her pay. Her cardinals have been men of this hallowed stamp and character, trafficking ever with the kings and the merchants of the earth. Rome has ever desired to hold the purse strings of empires. And England is unhappy, and perfidious, and wretched, and exorcised, excommunicated, and damned because she holds her own purse strings, keeps her wealth for herself, her children, and Protestantism, and the world, and makes her statesmen responsible to law and honesty. But Rome! —the history of its popes, and its cardinals—well, the 'Newgate Calendar' is a very dark paged book; but what Newgate Calendar

contains such a comprehensive summary of crimes, conceived in meanness, hatched in splendour, brought forth in grandeur, and flaunting their way in baseness and in blood, as the 'History of the Papacy?'

We believe the Papacy was never so out at elbows as now. It has not the strong veneration of superstition by its side, and even in its own camp there is a schism. Yet we must remind our readers that Romanism is very elastic. You stretch it, almost to breaking, but it is not broken; a little relaxation, and, lo, it springs back into its old place again. And we must remind our readers too, that there have been many moments when the Papacy has been reduced to emergencies perhaps as great as those it at present suffers. There was the period which has been called the Babylonish captivity, when Rome was no longer the Metropolis of Christendom, when the Pope was merely a French prelate. For seventy years this period of expatriation lasted. 'It is,' says Dean Milman, 'perhaps the most marvellous part of its history, that the Papacy having sunk so low, sank no lower, that it recovered its degradation; that from a satellite, almost a slave, of the king of France, the Pontiff ever emerged again to be an independent potentate; and although the great line of mediæval popes expired in Boniface VIII., he could resume even his modified supremacy. There is no proof so strong of the vitality of the Papacy, as that it could establish the law that, wherever the Pope is there is the throne of St. Peter; that he could cease to be Bishop of Rome in all but in name, and then take back again the abdicated bishopric.'

And, so to keep in mind a well-known scene in 'Alton Locke,' while the nations were rejoicing,

'John Barleycorn got up again,  
And sair surprised them all.'

We shall be long in believing that it's all over with the Papacy; we doubt that will not be till it's all over with a worse than the Papacy.

The poor demented Lear of Europe. He cannot do much, but there is one thing he can do as well as ever—we had almost said as effectively—he can curse and swear, and use all manner of bad language, and on the whole reminds us of what Mrs. Partington or Mrs. Malaprop would be a little the worse for liquor. Old age and majesty in misfortune usually command some homage—they are usually sublime—but in the attitude of the Pope at this moment there is nothing sublime. The power of the Papacy is limited, 'and the will is present, but how to do it knows not.' We

see in a paragraph like the following, that the thing is not to be trusted:—

‘We receive from Rome numerous letters which all agree in contradicting the news circulated by several journals that all the political prisoners belonging to the Romagnas have been released. The fact is that they all, without a single exception, remain in irons. Some few prisoners (the *Opinion* gives their names) were set at liberty on June 24, but none of them were from the Romagnas. Of these very few, almost all had but a few weeks or days to remain in prison before the term of their sentences would expire, and the majority returned to their families afflicted with incurable diseases contracted during their confinement. “What matters,” said the priest, “we have done our best to save their souls!” A favourite device of the Roman government when it wishes to gain credit for clemency is to remit an illusory portion of a heavy sentence, particularly in cases where the recipient of the favour has already suffered so much that he is not likely to live to enjoy it. For example, four years have been struck off the list of hard labour to which young Mezzopreti of Toeli, was condemned. But he is now nothing but a living skeleton stretched upon a bed of suffering. He was once a rich merchant. Since his imprisonment he has learnt the death of his father (who died of grief), of his two sons, and the utter ruin of his house. His young and beautiful wife has been obliged to go out to service to provide for the sustenance of his only remaining child. In most countries when a criminal is thought to deserve more than twenty years’ imprisonment he is sentenced for life, or sometimes, which is more humane, to death. But here forty years of the galleys is quite a common thing. But this is not all; political vengeance inflicts a sentence of fifteen or twenty years in irons even after death. In these cases the skeleton of the prisoner, when he dies, is kept unburied and in irons. When the Pope thinks it desirable to show mercy, the number of years of imprisonment remitted is deducted, in the first instance, from those to be suffered after death, so that many whose names are paraded as instances of his Holiness’s clemency have no hope but to die in the galleys, and have no other ground for rejoicing than this—that the fetters will be removed from their bones while their rottenness is in a somewhat less advanced state than they were originally led to anticipate. There is no country in the world but Rome where these refinements of cruelty are indulged in. To conclude with an individual case—Giovanni Lucenti, a Roman, now lies in prison, working out a sentence of thirty-six years in irons. He was a prosperous tradesman, and the father of a large family, whom he brought up in the enjoyment of ease and comfort. The Pope has just granted him a remission of twenty-five months out of his thirty-six years! What a mockery! Lucenti, since he has been in prison, has lost a leg and an eye, has become deaf in one ear, has a tumour in his liver, a chronic disease of the chest, and a squamous affection of the epigastrium. Is not this killing by slow torture?’—*Opinion Nationale*.

The Pope is one, the Papacy is one ; its sorrows have been multiplied, but it has ever been the consistent power, hostile to, and at war with, all the best temporal and eternal interests of mankind ; nor is it possible to find any moment when the Pope has not been in a state of grief ; either growling and champing for some bone beyond his reach, like a dissatisfied dog, or with pitiable senility, moaning and mourning over his toothless gums, or limiting chain, preventing him from flying abroad through Europe, upon his errands of mischief. Some superficial readers, whose principal knowledge is derived from the newspapers of the day, suppose that it is only within these recent years that the Papacy has come to such a pass of poverty and shame ; let them take down any history, and they will find how, in all ages, it has been the great pest of Europe, stirring up the coals of strife in every little State ; sowing the seeds of dissension between all European princes. The history of the Papacy is a mountainous mass of filth and putridity, whose reeking abominations stench and infect every atmosphere of every land ; and at this moment Papists are outraged because England will not stir herself to give security to the Papal dungeons ! to give protection to the miasmas and plagues which sweep over the holy city from the campagna around its walls ! because, in a word, Protestant England, excommunicated England, will not stretch forth her hand to steady the tottering chair of the imbecile and cruel idiotcy, and retain the tattered tiara of sovereignty upon its brazen brow !

True, the Papist in our community must often feel that he is an anomaly : he neither knows what to make of himself or his priest, or his country. If he is an Ultramontanist, he places himself beyond the pale of country. He calls on England to defend the Pope, and he uses the very name of the Pope for the purpose of insulting the Queen—if the act were not even too contemptible for such a charge, or the majesty of the sovereign too high to be touched by such bravado. We present our readers with the following little note from a leader of the *Tablet*, of June 29th last :—

‘It is now some twenty years since the question was first discussed in this journal whether at Catholic dinners and breakfasts on public occasions the health of the Pope should be proposed before or after the health of the Queen. The discussion is inconvenient, and for many reasons we regret that there should be any disagreement on the question. But on the recent presentation of the testimonial to the venerable Bishop of Troy, of which a report appeared in our last, the matter was treated by the Chairman, the Hon. Charles Langdale, and it appears to us that, to all intents and purposes, the case must be considered as decided. It appears to us that the time is past for any

compromise, or for the discovery of any expedient by which the difficulty might be avoided. We have always adhered to the opinion, which we believe to be the opinion of the vast majority of English Catholics, that, theoretically and in principle, there is no room for doubt that, if the two toasts are to be drunk on the same occasion, the health of the Head of the Church ought to have precedence over the health of the Head of the State. The spiritual Sovereign ought to take precedence of the temporal Sovereign.

‘As long as there was any reasonable hope of avoiding any conflict of opinion or practice before the Protestant public on a matter so delicate, we would have been glad to see any course adopted that involved no sacrifice of principle.

‘And, after all, it is with that same Catholic public that the decision rests. They require the Pope’s health to be the first toast proposed on these occasions, and are not willing to be satisfied with any other arrangement. But we take it that Mr. Langdale’s speech and the practice observed at the Crystal Palace Déjeûner last week, will be held to have finally settled the rule that on public occasions, when Catholics give toasts and drink healths, the first toast on the list must be His Holiness the Pope. Uniformity of practice on these occasions is extremely desirable. No other order would be approved of, or, we believe, tolerated by the majority of those who attend on these occasions ; and, therefore, we trust that the doubt has been raised for the last time.’

Thus, these men place themselves beneath the shadow of that constitution of civil and religious liberty they have uniformly resisted, except for their own purposes, for the very purpose of supplanting it and breaking up its foundations. Let men sneer at Protestant Alliances as they will, and Saturday Reviewers bring all the light artillery of their insolence and persiflage, we must maintain that Rome, in England, needs watching and circumventing, even in our midst. With light and opinion all abroad, she is mischievous, and may be, and perhaps is, dangerous. She is first an annoyance, then a nuisance, at last a curse.

Very amusing indeed is the arrogance of Rome. Even Dr. Manning, in England, having received some English education, and living beneath the protecting shadow of our country and freedom, has, we will say, nor do we mean it offensively, the audacious impudence to talk thus :—

‘Can you find the Christianity of the world anywhere except as identified with that one great world-wide organization the centre of which is Rome. Take Rome out of the world, and where is Christendom ? Take away the one universal Roman Church, and I ask you where is Christianity ? Then if the history of Christianity is the history of the Christian Church, what is the history of the Christian Church, but the history of the Holy See ? And further

than this, in writing the history of the Holy See, you write the history of the Pontiffs. It is not the material seat whether of bronze or of stone, that may be crumbled into dust, that constitutes the seat of Peter. It is not the person, it is the man, it is the successor of Peter, it is the Vicar of Jesus Christ that constitutes the Holy See; and the history of the Holy See is the history of a succession of men, two hundred and fifty and more, who link us now with the day when "The Word was made flesh" and visible among mankind—that long line of living witnesses, and of supreme Pontiffs who have ruled the world. I say, then, the history of the Holy See, the history of the Church, the history of civilization, is the history of the Pontiffs. I will ask you are there princes, philosophers, statesmen, or conquerors, who have contributed to Christian Europe what Leo the Great, Gregory the Great, Gregory the VII., Gregory XI., Innocent III., Alexander III., Sixtus V., and Pius V. contributed? The worst that can be said is this, that in that line of two hundred and fifty supreme Pontiffs, there have been a few who have descended to the level of temporal sovereigns! but except those few, they have been the illuminators, and the legislators, and the rulers, and the civilizers, and creators, of that fabric of the civil order, under the shelter of which we live.'

In the little tractate, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, the author, Frank Fairplay, is not ashamed to talk of the contributions of Rome to civilization! We are far from thinking that the phenomena of the age we call civilization are all so purely beneficent that they have not their adulterations. But the mischief of the Papal system is, that it is all adulteration; it is all rottenness. Where is the civilization? Is it in the universal mendacity of the officials of the Papal States, where, as a tradesman said to Mrs. Gretton, rubbing his fore and middle finger against his thumb, 'A little of this does everything'? Is that civilization where all is in confusion? 'All is falling to pieces, Signora; who can wonder at it?' The reason has many times been given by the Italians themselves—'We are governed by men who have no children.' And it has been said, the definition some one gave of a satyr, or the god Marsyas, is good for these monks—'He's a Christian a-top, and all animal below.' 'As long as we remain in the hands of the Pope we shall never be more than a nation of buffoons, opera dancers, singers, fiddlers, priests, and slaves.' Is that civilization where monks and nuns meet the traveller wherever he directs his steps? or Trappists, holding no communion of speech except by permission of the superior, save on the three great festivals of the year, and never beyond the walls of the convent; surrendering themselves beforehand to the silence and confinement of the tomb? Does civilization linger in the neighbourhood of those

shrines, the ceiling blackened with the smoke of many lamps perpetually burning; the walls covered with plates of silver, or gilded and wrought bas-reliefs, or coarse brick-work, worn by the kisses perpetually pressed on it? Or, is this a mark of civilization, as we open these pages and looking within find the priestly vestments of silver brocade, the silver statuetts, the saints' crucifixes, the church vessels, the necklaces, the gold chains, the rings, brooches, watches, cups, flagons, silver hearts, the gem which sparkled on a prince's finger, the coral pendants of a poor peasant, given for the last year's vintage? Is civilization moving the fingers of those poor nuns, wasting away their sweet life, working the costly alb of fine white linen, with its exquisite designs, and its deep flounces of magnificent point lace, so envied by all the ladies when the priest walks in procession; or the stole, with its texture of cloth of silver almost concealed by the raised embroidery of gold? Does civilization retire modestly to Italian states, villages, cities, smaller towns—Loretto, for instance, 'Where,' says the Englishwoman in Italy, 'the sinister aspects of the men give a clue to innumerable robberies in the neighbourhood; and where, in the town, slipshod women, their hair matted and discoloured, and beggars in every stage of misery, blind, palsied, and maimed; squalid children, lean fighting dogs, and portly priests, and dirty pilgrims, with scallop-shell and staff, pleasantly beset the curious and wonder-smitten wanderer's way'?

Austria has loved Rome—Rome has loved Austria. The two beloveds are worthy of each other. The Austrian policeman takes from the scholar a book—'Ah, Signori, what is this?'—'A book with the portrait of a man with a beard.' 'Do you not know that beards are republican and are forbidden?' 'Signori, I am not answerable for beard or portrait; this is a historical romance; the man is represented in the costume of the times; then every man wore a beard.' Vain excuse, it only rouses the wrath of the policeman; tears the portrait out of the book; and takes another—alas, another portrait, and here another. 'Oh, but this is suspicious; his papers must be examined.' The policeman being ignorant, how can it end? Why, in six months in a wretched dungeon; and the man, to the day of his liberation or his death, not knowing the cause of his imprisonment, only glad to escape, and not disposed to be nice in his inquiries. They have no civilization; the amazing wealth of soil is undeveloped—of manhood is unused and untried—of the splendours of art is locked safely in the coffer of the Church. And there is a connection between bodily filthiness and physical. The subjects of the Papacy are, perhaps, the most unclean people in Europe—perhaps on the earth. The Cossacks of the steeps;

the Arabs of the dessert, are not so unclean—they are not only unclean, they are studiously filthy, even in their very ideas of cleanliness. 'Are you ill, Signora,' asks the attendant when an English lady asks for the convenience for washing. 'No I'm not ill, but the English are fond of washing.' 'Oh, be careful, Signora, be careful, too much washing will disagree with you. Well, then, if you must wash, I'll mix a little white wine in the water.' The lady expressed her astonishment, and also her dissent from such a mode of taking wine and water. 'Ah, well, Marchesa does so; or perhaps a little broth—we bathe the baby in broth.' 'No.' 'Well, at least your face, Signora; don't spoil it by water. A little weak broth—lean veal—every particle of fat skimmed off, it softens and nourishes the skin; or a little milk warm from the cow; be careful of the water.' Such people are hopeless; and they derive these lessons from the monks, the padres. 'They are a queer set,' said the same lady of a number of them (decidedly not hydropathic), but her language was known, and the father said, 'that's exceedingly unfair and narrow minded to cast that as an imputation upon one class of the community which is decidedly national.'

There is sympathy still felt for poor old Rome in this country. We are not unmindful of the complications of the Roman question. It is not a question to be settled in a breath. It is a difficulty. But we must allow no fictitious sympathy to turn us aside. We know what Rome is in our midst. She does not shine before our eyes. Restrained by law, and compelled to be decent and clean, and to behave respectably, and even in some slight way respectfully. Even here Rome does not excite our love or our admiration. Even here she knows how to curse. We know what she is capable of in that way, and we must allow no sympathy to hold back our actions. The temporal power of Rome has always been badly wielded, and always will be—always wielded for the benefit of the Church!—the Church, that is, the Priests!—that cruel corporation, strong in their exemption from the ordinary loves and affections of our nature; strong, some in having overcome all such weaknesses, and some in having transfigured what was given to be affections into vices and crimes. From those ages when the crimes of the Papacy were sublime and vast in their astounding munificence of cruelty and abomination we descend to later times. To the dark reign and rule of Gregory XVI., when the highways of Rome swarmed with robbers, and the Papacy rejoiced in the administration of Barratelli, the spy. Where else could the genius of such a man be fostered? Cardinal Barratelli! his parents were beggars; and he begged from a family he at last brought to ruin in 1796; he was an utter revolutionist; he was one of a com-

mittee charged with the levying a tax on the aristocracy; his private life was eminently scandalous; he tricked a woman of her wealth, whom he seduced from her husband. She made over to him her property, and he left her to die in destitution; for this no lodge of Freemasons would receive him, but the Church of Rome did not scorn the outcast. He was a spy in Austria in 1816; he was protected by Austria because he remained faithful to the principles of public order. And these are the men who maintain order, and this is the order they do maintain. We do not charge on all the men of Rome this horrible treason against the holiest rights of man. Consalvi has not received yet the honour he deserves. Ah! but Rome can better appreciate a Barratelli or an Antonelli than a Consalvi.

In the light of all this, what shall we call the Pope but an Abbot of Misrule; a very unfortunate Abbot, since it is no Christmas game now to him, but still a mummery; and in the light of all this, where and how is it to end; the change is coming, is here; in Rome the Papacy is collapsed, but in the event of that entire dissolution of the connection of the Temporal Powers of Rome, what will be the result? Is it quite certain that Rome will really even then be weakened? We confess our whole hopes are in freedom. In Turin all is alive; there is free conversation, something more than the *debut* of a new singer, or the apotheosis of a new saint. Politics, provincial reforms, vast public works, new buildings rising instead of grass-grown streets and decayed palaces; the hammers of the workmen are ringing; no studies of artistic mendacity, or van-footed friars, infantile filth, and beggars on asses; the children are sent to schools, and friars are suppressed—engaged in preaching, education, or visiting the sick. All this has been done in *ten years*. Here agriculture and art, the plough and the wine-press, butter, churns, honey, wax, beehives, cheeses, wheat, corn, sausages and hams, maccaroni, vermicelli, rings, stars, balls, chocolate, preserved fruits, steam engines, models of shipping, hydraulics, sewing-machines, beds, surgical instruments, clocks and watches, canons, mortars, chemical products, glass, earthenware, silk in every stage, damask of Syria, guano of Chamberry, the three-piled velvet of Genoa, woollen stuff, cotton stuff, carpets, paper, hemp, cordage, carriages, harness, embroidery, and fine carving—all this is owing to *Count Cavour*. When he came into power, seventeen kilometres (two thirds of an English mile) of railway were completed; in 1858, one thousand, besides other lines in progress; yet there are only 5,000,000 of inhabitants in the State, and these burdened with expenses. Of course these innovations are mourned over, but well may they love Victor Emmanuel, and we will add, well may Rome hate Cavour.

When Mr. Arthur was in Italy, he says one of the last men with whom he talked in Bologna, looking out of an eye where consumption gleamed, said, 'SIR, THE ALMIGHTY IS TIRED OF ROME.' Yes, God and man are tired of Rome.

VIII.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

IN the literary history of the month, we have no sadder event to record than the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Browning. This distinguished woman was one of the chief ministers to the holiest and best feelings of the heart. She was a Christian poet in the highest, purest, and best sense, and the greatest poet woman has produced in this country. Whether she had achieved the highest she could achieve on earth, humanly, remains a question. She has done much for us. In her verse there is no faultless beauty. Whilst she was accustomed to the highest forms of art, she was too intent upon her own conceptions to seek to attain to the polish of the perfect. Few of the verses of the greatest masters contain more exceptional rhymes and strained measures—and there is no writer from whom we would so willingly and uncomplainingly receive them however flawed. The news of her death shocked us like the unexpected death of a beloved friend. Her works have been as dear to us as the most inward talkings of friendship and communion. She has not the wonderful and completing touch of Tennyson. Who has? but she gave us more and carried us farther. Her works had more Christian experience; they testify to the Saviour; and of some things in her verses it is impossible that eulogy can go too far—the rhyme of the 'Duchess May,' the 'Lay of the Brown Rosary,' 'Isabel's Child,'—but it is folly to mention single poems, where, in every individual, there are such chords that not to feel is to be cut off from the gift of that knowledge and sorrow which constitute the highest sympathies. In the death of this beloved woman the sorrow is like that we feel in the death of some dear minister who has been the stay and teacher of the heart, from whose sorrows and knowledge we have learnt our best lessons. We can only apply to her the language with which she closes her 'Dream of Poets':—

'Glory to God—to God she saith;  
Knowledge by suffering entereth,  
And life is perfected by death.'

At an early period of her life, Mrs. Browning was a member of a Congregational Church ; and the whole tone of her religious knowledge and experience is of the order we expect from the highest of our ministers.

CONGREGATIONALISTS have lost one of an order of men whom they can little afford to spare in Mr. Thos. Plint, of Leeds. He was a man of the highest order of taste, a collector of valuable pictures, and to him was given the honour of purchasing Holman Hunt's greatest vindication of the Pre-Raphaelite doctrines of art, the 'Finding of Christ in the Temple.' Not merely, however, in the world of art, but in the world of books his knowledge was sound and extensive. Mr. Plint was a deacon of East Parade Congregational Church ; and we deeply regret the loss from our ranks of a man who was able to unite faithfulness to the convictions of civil and religious liberty, with homage to those refining arts which it has been supposed it is the peculiar province of more despotic societies to encourage. Mr. Plint was only thirty-seven years of age. His munificence was indulged not only in his tastes of art but in his general large liberality.

THERE is still living at Birkenhead one of the pioneers of the long protracted Church-Rate war. Thirty years ago a demand was made upon him for 10½d. He refused to pay. The case came on for trial in the Ecclesiastical Court, was twice referred to York, and once to the Queen's Bench, lasted six years and a-half, and was finally decided against the rate. Each side had to defray its own costs ; the victor saved his 10½d., and had, with his friends, to pay £1,100, and their opponents were mulcted in £1,500. The judge, the Right Worshipful G. H. Vernon, Esq., and chancellor, admitted that the protracted discussion of the question had thrown so much light upon the law of Church Rates, that he had at last given a decision the reverse of that which at an earlier stage of the proceedings he should have pronounced. In the course of this struggle, Mr. George Craven—the abolitionist leader—according to the testimony of the late Mr. E. Baines, 'suffered all the abuse which a heated and revengeful party could heap upon him ; he was assaulted, insulted, persecuted ; his goods were seized, and he had for a length of time, with others, the terrors of the Ecclesiastical Court hanging over his head ; but all could not turn him from his straightforward pursuit of justice ; he persevered through good report and through evil report, without fear or favour.' To these early champions of religious liberty, the Nonconformists of the present day are under infinite obligations, and it is hoped that in the Church-Rate battle still pending among us, the sons will not prove unworthy of their sires.

But if the recent decision of the House of Commons, in rejecting by the casting vote of the Speaker—who unquestionably strained his prerogative—the Church-Rate Abolition Bill, should occasion disappointment or chagrin to some who are opposed to Establishments, it should be reviewed by every real friend of the Church of England with even greater misgiving. If that Church were only content to employ her vast resources of piety, wealth, and prestige, for the accomplishment of a spiritual work; to direct the energies of a devout and active ministry in the spread of Christian truth, and the exhibition of Christian love, and to invite the co-operation of the laity in works of piety and benevolence, men would regard leniently the faults of her system; her social status would give lustre to her career; the lines of demarcation between herself and Nonconformists would be silently obliterated; she would win the admiration, and disarm the hostility of foes, and would gradually absorb into her ever-widening communion multitudes who now stand aloof in coldness or in hate.

Instead of this, she selects another course. True, many of her ministers and laity combine with members of other communities in catholic and aggressive efforts; but as a Church, and in her great public acts, she prefers to be animated by a different spirit. She discards the amenities of Christian charity, in order to exercise political dominancy. She spurns the free gift of Christian liberality, in order to wring even a smaller amount from the hand of the conscientious dissenter, and will dare to lay the exaction upon the altar of Him who has said, 'I hate robbery for burnt offering.' She nurtures sceptics and papists in her ministry, rather than incur the remotest danger to her ill-gotten gains. She goes out of her way to affix the stigma of subjection upon other communities. She consents to become the tool of political parties if by any means they may be induced to support her political pretensions.

And is this the career which a religious community can covet? On the contrary, is not the history of the Establishment a long series of illustrations of the declaration of the illustrious Cavour? 'The union of temporal and spiritual power has always and everywhere been a source of evil.' The political alliance of the Church gives her political importance; her power to levy tribute upon dissenters is the evidence of her sectarian dominancy; her ability to reject the most just rights of other denominations, and generally and particularly to coerce them, is doubtless gratifying to the intolerance that uses it; but are these things which good men may be supposed to value, or powers they can exercise with impunity? And in return she has her reward. She creates enemies where she might have friends. She makes the

tribute she thus obtains to be sullenly surrendered as an extortion. She leaves a sense of injustice rankling in the bosoms of other wise amiable men, who are indignant that they are compelled to aid in the dissemination of doctrines which they loathe. She awakens a spirit of resistance, and even of resentment in those whom she insults with her arrogance. She is the promoter of social caste, and of religious animosities throughout the land. Her vestries are the scenes of strife, and her very sanctuaries are to multitudes the land-marks of intolerance. She compels men to band themselves together, animated by a sense of common injustice to vindicate their rights. She brings religion into contempt; makes it the butt of infidels and the laughing-stock of fools. And while thus doing wrong to others, she wrongs herself. In order to be a political Church she loses that which she would most value were she simply religious.

Let not the last episode of the Church-Rate battle be misunderstood. The clerical party have expressed their alarm of the Liberation Society, and have won a momentary victory; and Mr. D'Israeli has avenged his defeat on the budget, and shown his hate of the Government and of Liberal principles. But the very intensity of the excitement with which the vote of the House was attended, showed how deep a hold the question has taken of the mind of the public, and of Parliament. The manner in which the debate drew to a close—the studied exhibition of peaceful arguments—the temper of the House which had grown too excited to reason—the extreme curiosity to know the results of what all felt to be a critical division—the breathless stillness with which a House of 552 members listened, while the Speaker, almost overmastered by his own nervousness at his unusual position, defended his vote—the hubbub of the Clergy in the lobbies, who could scarcely be restrained, even by the Serjeant-at-arms—the warnings now anxiously tendered by their friends to the pro-rate party that they show a conciliatory spirit: all these are evidences of the strength of conviction and feeling with which the question is regarded, and that a mere casting-vote of a Speaker can do nothing for its settlement. This rejection of Mr. Trelawny's measure cannot release either Liberal Churchmen or Nonconformists from their obligations, and will not relax their exertions. The spirit, that thirty years ago led to the rejection of an unjust exaction of only 10½d. at a cost of £1,100, will not be quenched by a temporary Parliamentary reverse. We may have powerful enemies to contend with; but the rights we claim cannot be ultimately withheld in order to gratify the spleen of Tories or the interests of bigots. Ours is the eternal cause of justice between man and man, and of conscience between man and God.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL bids farewell to the House of Commons, but not to the name by which he has become famous, and by which he has won the gratitude of the country, and especially of the friends of civil and religious liberty. We are glad to find now the name of Russell retained by title in the peerage; it is a name of which the peerage may well be proud, it is a question of no slight difficulty of solution what place may be assigned to him in history. He has without a question considerable administrative ability; he has held his party together with great tact; but in all the larger and more magnificent exhibitions of it he seems far in the rear of his great contemporaries, Peel and Palmerston. He is wanting in the audacity of the last, and the magnanimity of the first; he seems to be inoculated by some unfortunate timidity, and is ever plucked at by some debilitating traditions of party; but of that wisdom which transcends the necessary tactics of the moment, wisdom derived from deep knowledge of the principles of the English Constitution from extensive and correct knowledge, we believe Lord John Russell far transcends either his deceased or living rival. All the political genius of Temple lives in Palmerston—and the higher and nobler qualities of the house of Russell survive in its great age-representative. May he long and healthily, and happily wear his new honours. Such honours have never been more well and virtuously won.

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THE Turnbull case has terminated—as, of course, such a piece of fool's play only could terminate—in a verdict for Mr. Bird. That Mr. Turnbull is a Romanist, is no disqualification for his possession of the office he has resigned; but that he is a Jesuit, an eulogist of Jesuits, the loving editor of Jesuit works, and the admirer of murderous traitors as 'gallant men,' is another affair. The attempt to obtain a verdict against Mr. Bird, was of course a deliberate attempt to terrify and gag the expression of public opinion. We trust that the whole history of this case will call our readers to exceeding watchfulness over the movements of Ultramontaniam, as a thing hateful and to be hated—grappled with, wrestled with, crushed, and expelled. Mr. Turnbull and his precious compeers have a good deal to learn yet as to the meaning of liberty under the British Constitution.

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## IX.

## SHORT NOTICES.

THOSE whose minds desire a quiet, hopeful word for the future, may find it in Dr. Leask's *Happy Years at Hand: Outlines of the Coming Theocracy* (Ward and Co., Paternoster Row). We have not yet advanced so far in our Bible studies as to accept as ours the Millenarian conclusions of this volume. Indeed, those views are very modestly stated, and the feelings and expressions of the author are very still and subdued. We do not wonder that men, as they advance into life, yield themselves to the influences of the Millenarian doctrine; ordinarily there is no surplus energy to expend in active Christian labour; the life of faith, and the life of prayer, are enough for ourselves; we find no more consolation, neither can we conceive more, in the Millenarian literalism than in that wider and more catholic interpretation which has been sufficient for the heart of the more universal Church in all ages. We believe a judicious study of Scripture typology would do much to dissolve the charm of this beautiful myth of the Church's future. And certainly the spectacle of the world as it is to-day is a sad sight. We well may inquire when shall be the end of these wonders? Dr. Leask says—

‘What does God intend to do with this world,—this great, beautiful, and populous world, the scene of so many miseries, so many mighty acts, so many Divine miracles, and so many and such long-continued struggles between the powers of good and evil? Shall it be converted? If so, by what instrumentality, and when?—and that “when?” has come back from every idol temple and lofty mountain in a long and sickly echo. And again the dreary “when?” has gone up to heaven from the prayer-meeting, falling doubtfully from the preacher's lips, rolled heavily in the large missionary meeting, and passed around the globe like a desolate thing seeking a resting-place, and finding none. Or does God intend suddenly to destroy the works of His hands, to set fire to the earth, and sweep it to destruction, just at the time when multitudes were beginning to hope that signs of better days were budding forth to gladden the eyes of the nations? Shall the earth—Adam's earth, man's earth, CHRIST's earth,—speedily be seen by startled angels flying in its orbit through the heavens, one vast globe of intensely heated fire, like a steam-ship in flames rushing madly through the hissing sea? Such awful questions as these have long engaged the thoughts of devout thinkers, but no satisfactory answer was obtained.’

We scarcely need to be reminded of the dreary condition of our country and our race.

‘In populous cities, such as London, where the eye rests everywhere on signs of ease, elegance, comfort, and prosperity, corroding care is eating out the hearts of the people, and employers and employed toil from morning till night in the fetters of a perpetual slavery, and in many cases cannot retain commercial solvency, or provide education and bread for their families; whilst the ten thousand haunts of misery and vice proclaim emphatically, that man instead of having all things under him is himself under the dire dominion of

"adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, sedition, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like." (Gal. v. 19—20.) A nation boasts its sovereignty of the sea, and losses annually in its unfathomable caves thousands of its countrymen; takes two centuries in solving the problem whether a communication through the Polar seas exists between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans; loses precious treasure and still more precious life in trying to answer this question; and at last, when an affirmative reply was obtained the other day, the long sought discovery is absolutely worthless, for the islands of ice that eternally float there bid defiance to all the naval skill of man. No, "We see not yet all things put under him."

All this is very true, and millions of persons feel this as strongly as Dr. Leask; but his book is wanting in the width and compass which does justice to the ever and everywhere operating power of our Almighty Saviour. There is injustice to the Church too.

'The fine old prophetic formula, "Thus saith the Lord," with its positive certainty and Divine grandeur, has been exchanged for the shrill cry of "Thus saith the sect," with its palpable uncertainties and human littleness. The sure word of prophecy was sent down from heaven with the sacred injunction, "Take heed to it;" but instead of walking in its serene light, the multitude are either climbing the mountains of vain speculation or exhuming the dust of the fathers in search of ecclesiastical relics.'

Now we do most heartily trust that we are nearer than we were to the extinction of all this littleness; and surely the faith is not likely to be more united, and clear, and charitable, by beholding in Jerusalem, with our excellent author, the future metropolis of the world. Certainly the holders of the Millenarian theory are usually among the most intolerant people of our modern sects. But this is all immaterial to the pleasure and profit with which the volume before us may be read. As an argument it leaves us all where we were, but it is full of devotional thoughts, reverently, and often even eloquently, expressed.

ALL the sweetest and most consolatory words in poetry and prose about the happy destiny of infants are collected together in a volume called *Words of Comfort for Parents Bereaved of Little Children*; edited by William Logan, author of the 'Moral Statistics of Glasgow'; with an Introduction by Rev. William Anderson, LL.D. (James Nisbet and Co., 21 Berner's-street.) Our old friend, William Logan lost some little darling from his household circle, and this volume is the result of that tender hovering of memory round the form of the little vanished treasure. Few households have been saved from the sad sight of the little coffin—

'There is no flock, however watched or tended,  
But some dead lamb is there.'

The births and the early deaths of little children are a great mystery. Nature has nothing to say in the way of consolation by the infant's grave. Wordsworth says:—

'In an obscure corner of a country churchyard I once espied, half overgrown with hemlock and nettles, a very small stone laid upon the ground, and bearing nothing more than the name of the deceased, with the date of birth and death, importing that it was an infant which had been born one day and died the following. I know not how far the reader may be in sympathy with me, but more awful thoughts of rights conferred, of hopes awakened, of remembrance stealing away or vanishing, were imparted to my mind by that inscription there before my eyes, than by any other that it has ever been my lot to meet with upon a tomb-stone.'

It is a great mystery but who shall say how many hearts have been kept tender by the death of a little one? We knew a hard man ourselves,—a hard old man, a solid piece of human earth, nearly seventy years of age, who often wept when it came to him to think of, or remember, or speak of, a little only child, who died at the age of four. Nothing else moved him, but the memory of that little creature had power to turn the heart to rivers of water. The wondrous words and ways of the little ones—inarticulate words, and sounds, and unconscious little clevernesses, come very clearly and sadly upon the heart.

'Two little children were one day seen very ill in the same room. The oldest of the two was heard frequently attempting to teach the younger one to pronounce the word "Hallelujah!" but without success—the dear little one died before he could repeat it. When his brother was told of his death he was silent for a moment, and then, looking up at his mother, said, Johnny can say Hallelujah now, mother! In a few hours the two little brothers were united in heaven, singing Hallelujah together.'

Thus with the words of their departed darlings, parents should comfort each other, as parents only can. Mr. Logan's book supplies a place vacant until its publication. We hope it will reach several editions, and in another we think it might still, admirable as it is, be improved. There are some sentiments we might wish to see reconsidered; there seems to be a descent from the great mountain region of Divine grace, in the language of that able and excellent man and minister, Dr. Anderson, of Glasgow :—

'But much as my feelings revolt from the idea of the perdition of the infant seed of the wicked, with little less abhorrence do they revolt from the idea of that child of infidel or adulterous birth having equal favour shown him in the distribution of heavenly honours, with that which is shown the child of the pious father and mother, who walk loyally in the ways of the Divine commandments; and who have devoted their child with such earnestness of prayer to the Lord, in the benediction of the like of which the other has had no part.'

'Why, all the souls that are were forfeit once.'

Eminently on such sad matters, surely we should be silent, and hear the words, 'My ways are not your ways, nor my thoughts your thoughts.' The salvation of infants, if believed in at all, must never, at any rate, be made a compliment to human merit and pride.

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A VERY pretty little volume of verses lies before us. *Cottage Carols, and other Poems.* By John Swain (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.). It seems Mr. Swain has already been encouraged by the publication of some former volume it has never been our happiness to see, called, "The Harp of the Hills," and so he ventures into print again. If "The Harp of the Hills" has as much merit as this cheerful, sunshiny collection of verses, it deserves any amount of success. The volume makes no pretention; the author preaches first a kind of homily in blank verse, and then calls on his readers to join with him in his song. Here is a sweet little instance :—

*'LOOK UPON THE BRIGHT SIDE.*

'But not to times, to seasons, or to places  
Will we be bound; or unto nature's order  
In this the singing of our Cottage Carols.  
Indeed why should we? Is not January  
Sometimes as warm as Spring; and is not Spring  
Not seldom cold as Christmas? So no binding,  
As one is bound who hath his speech prepared—  
Prepared by some one else—and must speak that,  
Or else sit down, look foolish, and be dumb:  
No—we will on, turn back, go up or down  
Through time as well as space; and therefore now  
Departing from the summer morning hills,  
We to the early days of Spring return—  
Where—List! a song,—

*'THE SUNNY SIDE THE WAY.*

'Coldly comes the March wind—  
Coldly from the north—  
Yet the cottage little ones  
Gaily venture forth:  
Free from cloud the firmament  
Free from sorrow they,  
The playful children choosing  
The sunny side the way.

'Sadly sighs the north wind  
Naked boughs among,  
Like a tale of mournfulness  
Told in mournful song:  
But the merry little ones,  
Happy things are they,  
Singing like the lark, on  
The sunny side the way.

'There the silvery snowdrop—  
Daffodils like gold—  
Primroses and Crocuses  
Cheerfully unfold:

Poor ? those cottage little ones ?  
 Poor ! no—rich are they,  
 With their shining treasures on  
 The sunny side the way.

‘Coldly oft, the winds blow  
 On *the way of life*,  
 Spreading in the wilderness,  
 Care, and pain, and strife ;  
 Yet the heart may shelter have,  
 Cold though be the day,  
 Choosing like the little ones,  
 The sunny side the way.

The little volume is just what it says it is, a volume of cottage carols, and it will touch springs of feeling, and awaken even thought by some of its happy refrains, in circles where the higher forms of the poetic art are altogether inaccessible. Mr. Swain sings very pleasantly about country scenes and objects ; here is a lay in honour of the—

‘THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

‘All over now. The green-leaved time is o’er :  
 The lonely spirit of departed days,  
 Sighs o’er the desolation of the land.  
 The dead leaves cannot place of quiet find,  
 But rustle in the corners of the fields,  
 Or fly before the wind like things of fear ;  
 And yet—there—hark ! a carol yet is heard.

‘Sing the Chrysanthemum cheerfully flourishing,  
 Tho’ come no dews of mild nights for its nourishing :  
     Tho’ the wind wearily  
     Sighs in the moaning bough ;  
     Tho’ late and drearily  
     Cometh the dawning now ;  
 Tho’ darker days and yet shorter are sure to come,  
 Cheerfully flourisheth still the Chrysanthemum.

‘Greenly it grew in the blossom and berry time,  
 Modestly grew in the summer-birds’ merry time ;  
     But when the silver light  
     Faded from lily-land ;  
     When song had taken flight—  
     Left plain and hilly land ;  
 When what had lovely been, old grew and deaf and dumb,  
 Then into pleasant bloom burst the Chrysanthemum.

‘Look ! what a lovely one—spotless as innocence,  
 Leaning, how gracefully, over the garden fence.  
     Purple ones too are there,  
     Like living amethysts ;  
     Golden ones all as fair  
     As if November mists  
 Never had, envy like, over them trailing come ;  
 Brave is the last of blooms—comely Chrysanthemum.

'Sing the Chrysanthemum flourishing cheerfully,  
While the day wears away sadly and tearfully ;  
While late and drearily  
Opens the dawning now ;  
While the wind wearily  
Wails in the moaning bough ;  
While the day looks as if longing for night to come,  
Yet, even yet, lives and blooms the Chrysanthemum.'

We very heartily introduce to such of our readers as do not already know it, this pleasant collection of verses, in which the spirits of Charles Mackay and Mary Howett very modestly and sweetly mingle. We close our extracts with two other quotations, one headed 'Sing a Song of Sunshine':—

*'SUN AND RAIN.*

'How gloriously the sunshine  
Salutes the fields of June !  
How dances mid the leafy boughs,  
To merry woodland tune !  
The shadows shadows chasing,  
Of clouds that fleetly pass,  
More glorious make the sunshine,  
By contrast, on the grass.

'But like to little cottagers  
Reclining on the earth,  
Outwearied with the wild delight  
Of their exhausting mirth ;  
So droops the lovely field flower,  
As languid and in pain,—  
Bowed to the earth thus wearily,  
It breathes a prayer for rain.

'The gale with cooler rush comes  
Upon the leafy bloom ;  
All hazy grows the sultry sky—  
Clouds in the distance loom :  
The lightnings leap out fearfully—  
The air the thunder rends ;  
And all night long upon the earth  
The drenching rain descends.

'The sunny morn, and cloudless,  
Awakes upon a scene  
All the more glad and beautiful  
Because the storm hath been :  
Our hearts have days of sunshine,  
But, freshness to retain,  
We must have times of cloudiness—  
We must have night and rain.'

And yet one more—

‘THE OPENING OF THE LEAVES.

‘THE book of nature’s glory,  
The volume vast and old,  
Another true love-story  
Beginneth to unfold ;  
The earth with thousand voices,  
The earth no longer grieves ;  
But blest with hope, rejoices  
At the opening of the leaves.

‘The cottage windows brighten  
More early in the morn ;  
The cherry-branches whiten,  
The apple-bloom is born ;  
Old age to look advances,  
And looking, love receives ;  
The heart of childhood dances  
At the opening of the leaves.

‘Man opens halls of splendour,  
And palaces of skill,  
And man to man can render  
Honour with right good-will ;  
If songs of praise be given—  
If honour man receives,  
Oh ! lift the heart to Heaven  
For the opening of the leaves.

‘Oh ! how the book of glory,  
The volume vast and old,  
Its ever true love-story  
Continues to unfold !  
The earth with all its voices—  
The earth no longer grieves,  
But worshiping rejoices  
At the opening of the leaves.’

DR. TEMPLE did wisely and naturally in publishing a volume of *Sermons Preached in Rugby School Chapel in 1858, 1859, 1860* (Macmillan & Co.). From the well-known Essay, by many so loudly over-praised, the exordium Essay to the celebrated ‘Essays and Reviews,’ the reader would be prepared to find beauty of style and symmetry of thought, but the fulness of Evangelical sentiment most readers would not be prepared to find if they did not, or do not, know how widely different a man’s logic and reverie may be from his practical and abiding faith. There are many expressions in Dr. Temple’s Essay which only amaze us the more when we read such sermons as these, and learn that ‘they are printed exactly as they were preached.’ What do our readers think of the following beautiful and comprehensive prayer :—

‘O Lord Jesu Christ, take us to Thyself, draw us with cords to the foot of

Thy Cross ; for we have not strength to come, and we know not the way. Thou art mighty to save, and none can separate us from Thy love. Bring us home to Thyself ; for we are gone astray. We have wandered ; do Thou seek us. Under the shadow of Thy Cross let us live all the rest of our lives, and there we shall be safe.'

And here again is a beautiful passage full of the sweetest lessons of faith :—

'The true life of the soul is to be found in union with its Maker. Whatever thoughts, whatever truths bring us in spirit to Christ and lead us to join our hearts to Him ; whatever casts before us the shield of His memory, and supports us by the sense of His presence ; whatever makes it easier for us to put ourselves in mind of Him, to feel that He is looking at us, to dedicate to Him both our daily work as His appointment, and our daily pleasures as His gift ; whatever brings us to the foot of that Cross on which He finished the work of our salvation, these things, brethren, must be good and profitable ; think therefore on these things.'

Because we are desirous of doing a slight measure of justice to one of whose sins of the pen we have spoken warmly, we quote one other paragraph :—

'Bury past sins with a resolute will ; knowing that they are still there though buried ; knowing that they can yet rise from the grave ; knowing that, at the Judgment-Day, they will rise again when you do ; knowing that the eternal records have noted them all down ; knowing all this, bury them still and live henceforth unto Christ. It is true that every deed that we do passes into the substance of our being, and we can never be after it what we were before it. But for all that, the sins that we have committed must not be allowed to work upon us beyond the measure that God has assigned to them. You have sinned, and you cannot be what you were, nor what you might have been. But you still can be a servant of God, and even your past sins can become in His hands instruments of His will. The fall of David gave us the thirty-second Psalm ; the fall of St. Peter fitted him to strengthen his brethren. The weakness of St. Paul taught us the lesson, "My grace is sufficient for thee ; for My strength is made perfect in weakness." These men, no doubt, would have done still more if they had had neither falls nor weaknesses, but as it was, even false weaknesses were of use in their service. There is even in evil a good element ; for no evil in this world so entirely destroys the inherent goodness of all God's creations as not to leave a germ of good behind. And so out of sin shall we draw strength ; and when we have drawn out all that may help us for the future, we need not fear to bury all the rest. Christ has expressly taken all that on Himself. We need not inquire how. Enough for us that we have, in the death and resurrection of Christ, the certain assurance that they who live unto Him need fear no condemnation.'

We maintain still that the spirit of this writing, and the doctrine of all of it, is in entire contradiction to the Essay on the 'Education of the World ;' but we maintain, also, that it is long since we read any volume of sermons more full of Evangelical truth than this of Dr. Temple.

IT would be very easy to name many persons who would produce a better volume of the same kind as '*A Voice from a Mask*, by Domino (Walker & Co., 196 Strand). The title is not expressive of

the contents ; it is a collection of clerical humours. Clergymen are supposed to have, of most men, the best collection of stories, and to be among the most admirable of humourists. Sydney Smith is supposed to be the type-man—really the model clergyman—a man of inexhaustible stores of fun, wit, stories, and anecdotes. We shall be enunciating a very bilious doctrine when we venture to express a doubt if it should be so. Nothing is more calculated to commend religion to the minds of men than a spirit of wise cheerfulness ; but then it should be seen to be a wise cheerfulness, the cheerfulness of a man who has looked on darkest experiences—who has seen the universe under its most gloomy aspects, and can still be cheerful, pleasant, hopeful. Of such a man, men say he must have seen more than we can see, by knowing of sorrow, and of thought, so much as he knows. How could he be merry ? A clergyman if scarcely ordained, and set apart to holy orders, that he may contribute to the facetiousness of the table, or add to the world's stock of laughable stories. On the contrary, we by no means think that he is to be cheated out of his share even of these. The volume before us, however, is, as such a collection, quite below what we have known produced in many a merry evening round a genial fireside. They are mostly stupid stories ; they do not quicken us to laughter ; certainly we do not judge of the mind of the pulpit of the Church of England, by the exhibition of it in this book, or what a dull, lumpish mind must it be ! Here is a story of a very orthodox young clergyman :—

‘Of this Bishop the following story is told :—His Lordship was examining a candidate for Holy Orders, who was more deficient in theology than in brains. Among other questions, the Bishop asked him, “If you were in company with persons who impugn the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, how would you defend it ?” “My Lord, I feel hurt by your supposing that I keep such company.” “If, however, you were accidentally to find yourself in the company of Unitarians, and they were to attack you, what course would you pursue ?” “Can you doubt, my Lord, what I should do ? I should of course leave the room instantly.”’

Domino is fond of collecting and telling stories which refer to the weaknesses of his Church, and carries us along constantly by the thread of the old prejudice, that a clergyman usually is a man quite unable to preach. Certainly we are not disposed to estimate the preaching faculty too highly ; we do not always think the better of a man as a Christian because he can bawl an hour's nonsense ; but surely we may reasonably expect a clergyman should not be unable to speak for twenty minutes a-piece of consecutive common sense and piety. Yet it would seem this is the case :—

‘The following story was current in the University in my day :—A junior fellow of a college having undertaken to serve a church a few miles from Cambridge, on his arrival at the village put up his horse at the Inn, and, having ordered a duck for his dinner, proceeded to the church. The prayers were over, and the congregation singing, when he found he had left his sermon on the parlour table of the Five Bells. On making this discovery

he hastened to leave the church, and as he passed the clerk's desk, he whispered in Amen's ear, "keep on singing till I come back." The sermonless divine made the best of his way to his hostelry, and had to pass through the kitchen to reach the parlour. Having snatched up his manuscript he was hurriedly recrossing the culinary apartment, when his steps were stayed by the duck at the fire. He gazed at it with dismay. The hostess observing his bewildered look at the slowly revolving bird, which to her delight was beginning to get nicely browned, expressed a hope she had done no harm in taking some of the paper she had found on the parlour table, adding that she had taken only two pieces, one to singe the duck and the other to cover its breast to prevent its being scorched. In reply to the parson's exclamation, "What shall I do!" she assured him that had it been clean paper she would not have meddled with it, but being covered all over with writing she thought it was of no use to any one. On examining his manuscript the unfortunate Fellow found the two middle sheets wanting. As there was not time to throw a bridge over this broad chasm, and not being an Improvisatore, he was at his wit's end. To make matters worse, he was a nervous man; he had not the courage to face the congregation with an apology instead of a sermon; he did not even dare to remain where he was and eat his dinner when it was ready for him, but hastily ordered his horse and galloped back to the University. Meanwhile the congregation were engaged harmoniously with Sternhold and Hopkins. How many psalms they sang before they gave up the hope of seeing the fugitive return, was a point on which there was a difference of opinion; but it was agreed on all hands that from that day the clerk was not the man he was before; in fact, there could be no doubt he had seriously injured his wind by his long-continued vocal exertions.'

Domino continues:—

'It is no wonder, considering how much labour the composition of a sermon costs most of us, that we are chary of them. Some of my brethren entertain an affection truly parental for these offspring of their brain. A parson of this character, who kept his pulpit manuscripts in a box in his library, was roused from his slumber early one morning, by his servant, who informed him that the house had been broken into, and the lower rooms ransacked. "John!" cried the startled divine, jumping up in the bed, "have they stolen my sermon-box?" "No, Sir; only broken it open." "Bring up my shaving water at the usual time."

Of course clergymen are nearer than most people to the perception of the humours of life, and frequently in an inevitable manner have set before them the ludicrous side of solemn things. One would think that the lady could not have been greatly impressed by the dreadfulness of her loss, who, when guiding her visitors over one of the show-houses of England—we believe Shakspeare's, at Stratford-on-Avon—continuing her narrative, said, opening the door of one of the rooms,—'My husband is lying dead in the room;' the visitors recoiled from the door, and declined to cross the threshold, and while, descending the stairs, received the widow's repeated assurances, that '*the body was quite fresh, and as sweet as a nut.*' The following strikes a similar key:—

'Country clergymen occasionally receive from their parishioners written communications, rather funnily expressed, and sometimes even when they relate to a funeral. I know a clergyman who received the following note:

"Rev. Sir,—My wife died yesterday ; I wish you would be so good as to bury her this evening, as she has taken a great deal of doctor's stuff, and won't keep sweet any longer."

We are afraid some of these stories are a manufacture ; yet possibly some unfortunate and ancient *demoiselle* might find herself in the following solemn circumstances :—

'This very prim and precise spinster being on a visit to a friend who lived in a large manufacturing town, went, on the first Sunday of her visit, to church alone, and was shown into a large square pew, in which half-a-dozen females were seated. The prayers were drawing to a conclusion, when the officiating minister deviated from the afternoon service into another with which she was unacquainted. This was a novelty to Miss P., who was in the habit of attending public worship at a fashionable chapel in London. When this interpolated service began, her co-pewers stood up ; she, as a matter of course, followed their example, and, on doing so, was surprised to see all the congregation except themselves either sitting or kneeling. Her companions presently knelt down. She again followed their lead, and, by paying great attention to the succeeding prayer, she discovered it was a thanksgiving for safe deliverance from the great pain and peril of child-birth. The usual afternoon service being over, she rose from her knees with crimsoned cheeks, and in an agitated state of mind, which was not lessened by the clerk coming into the pew, and asking her, "Have you a child to be christened, Ma'am?" Pushing him aside, she rushed out of the churching-pew, into which she had inadvertently been put, and made the best of her way out of the church. On entering her friend's drawing room, she looked so excited and alarmed, Mrs. M. exclaimed, "My dear Charlotte, what has happened to you? have you been robbed or insulted?" "Worse, worse—much worse," hysterically sobbed the old maid, "I've been churched."

These illustrations will convey to our readers some idea of this volume ; it is far from being the best of its class, and very many of the funny things are old. Here is one of an old clergyman :—

'This stanch churchman was wont to bring forward an argument which carried to his own mind the completest conviction of the superiority of the Church of England, compared with the nonconformist churches, and it was this : "They must all come to Church at last"—meaning for interment. His library consisted of a Bible, a Prayer-book, and "The Whole Duty of Man ;" and he always spoke of the latter in these terms : "It's very pretty reading but it don't beat the Bible and Testament.'

And this also of the old parish clerk :—

'Desirous of being on good terms with the Squire, was in the habit of waiting till his worship was comfortably seated in his pew before he commenced the service. On one occasion, however, he inadvertantly began to read before the great man had made his appearance ; but no sooner had he given utterance to the words, "When the wicked man," than the clerk, horrified at the breach of good manners of which the parson was about to be guilty, jumped up and bawled out, "Please, Sir, he's not come in yet."

This book is expensively got up ; and if we were desirous of giving to our readers ludicrous ideas of Divine things, and especially bringing

the Church of England into contempt, we should say, read 'The Voice from a Mask.' The author describes himself as a clergyman. We should not like to see Theodore Hook in orders, or to hear him preach.

EVERY book giving an account of successful labours for the welfare of the working classes, whether in villages or towns, deserves respectful reception, and attentive perusal; we have such a book before us, a very small one, called *Village Sketches, descriptive of Club Festivals, and other Village Gatherings and Institutions*. By T. C. Whitehead, M.A., Incumbent of Gawcolt, Bucks (Bosworth and Harrison, Regent Street). There is no more difficult social problem than how to meet the poor to do them any real good. Sometimes it seems the effort made in the town must be more successful; there is an openness and intelligence we look for in vain in the villages; but sometimes the villages seem to have the advantage; the labour in the town is so complicated; the difficulties seem to be insurmountable. The truth is, both have their great obstacles, insurmountable to any but the boldest, and bravest, and most hopeful hearts. Mr. Whitehead is a clergyman of the right succession, and this account of what he has done is most honourable to him. In efforts for the people many of us have gone far astray; our Mechanics' Institutes are of course, as the whole nation knows, a deplorable misnomer, and how could they be other? There is something heartless in expecting an artizan to labour hard all day, and then to go home, and having washed and dressed himself, go out to listen to a lecture all night, or to stay in doors the whole evening reading. The man naturally wants something quite different to this for his surplus manhood. The occasional lecture is well; and the ordinary household enjoyment is well; but the taste for these things has to be created; the man must be met half way. Is there no possibility of outbidding 'the House of Gin,' and emptying 'Beer Lane?' As to lecturing, not one in a hundred of those who attempt the work can so speak as to interest the working man. Lecturing is a luxury which can only be appreciated by the educated, where it is not something far worse, a somnolent hour between dinner and supper in a public room. Mr. Whitehead has attempted something more than this, and some things which no doubt many in his village and elsewhere would think very doubtful; among other things he has attempted the establishment of a sober 'Free and Easy Night Club,' and countless other means of usefulness. We should like every clergyman in the land to condescend to read this volume; every rector, and every vicar, and incumbent, and curate, and all other ministers may profitably peruse these pages, and find their power increased by sympathy with their people, not only in their sorrows, but in their cheerfulness, and wisely seeking to hallow the play and sports of the people as well as to lead them in prayer and instruction. We have too much cheerless and ascetic pietism; on no one thing do we more need to have some wise words uttered than on the subject of recreations for the people. We thank Mr. Whitehead heartily for a

clergyman's example, and a clergyman's word in this direction, and that sound teaching with which he closes his club sermon to the working classes, and his book, 'Study, therefore, to please God. There is but one way to that; seek the principles of His Gospel, and the spirit of His Son.'

**B**OHNS *Edition of Milton's Poetical Works* is every way a rare and noticeable one. It contains the memoir and critical remarks of James Montgomery; a copious selection of illustrative notes from every available source; an index of subjects to 'Paradise Lost;' and 'Todd's Verbal Index' to the whole of Milton's poems, extending to upwards of 150 closely printed pages. In addition to these literary characteristics, it abounds with engravings, many of which seem to us of inferior merit, while many pleasantly relieve the page, and as something to interpret the meaning of the text. We heartily commend this handsome edition of the works of our national and Nonconformist poet; no other edition offers such advantages in a form at once so compact, so elegant, and so cheap.

**T**HE Archbishop of Canterbury and Edward Miall have both issued reprints of their works on the 'Evidences of Christianity.' The Archbishop's was published nearly forty years since; it is entitled, *Evidences of Christianity, derived from its Nature and Reception*. By John Bird Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury (Hatchard and Co., Piccadilly). The book bears the impress of the mind of its learned and amiable author, and is not wanting in traces of knowledge of the points of the present controversy. The ground of dispute has altogether shifted since the year when this volume was published; that was exactly the time when the 'Modern Infidelity' of Robert Hall made its appearance, but that type would only pass for ancient infidelity now. Yet this volume must be read with great interest still; it is the work of a scholar, and it is wise and thoughtful. The following remark is worthy of pondering by those who are indisposed to a study of the evidences of Christianity; 'It seems to me no way more extraordinary that men must study the proofs of religion in order to be convinced of its Divine authority, or learn the nature of religion in order to live conformably to it, than that a man must think, and forecast, and labour through many months before he can procure for himself the materials of a day's clothing, or of a single meal suited to the state of civilization.' No book could more truly illustrate the different kind of evidence demanded in our age than this of *Edward Miall's*, the very title reveals the change, *Bases of Belief, an Examination of Christianity as a Divine Revelation by the Light of Recognized Facts and Principles*. Third edition (Arthur Hall & Co.). The volume of the venerable Archbishop is strictly historical and external; the volume of Mr. Miall is strictly internal; it is a noble book, as most of our readers do not need to be told. Every page is characterized by strength; it is a book with the making or the moulding of which

other books have had little to do ; it is wrought from the author's mind. The volume is reprinted as likely to be serviceable in the present struggle of religious opinion. We are glad to see it. It must be serviceable to those multitudes who are wandering their dreary way and can find no rest for the sole of their foot, seeking 'rest and finding none ;' it must be a most cheering light, as of a city set on a hill, the reader sees so exactly the way a man has made for himself ; it reads like the book of a man who would take up with no opinions, but compass in hand, followed its mysterious throbbings across the pampas or the cordilleras till it guided him into rest and peace in believing.

**A**MONG reprints, we are glad to see a new edition, revised and enlarged, of *Modern Anglican Theology : Chapters on Coleridge, Hare, Jowett, Maurice, Kingsley ; and on the Doctrine of Sacrifice and Atonement*. By the Rev. James H. Rigg. (Alexander Heylin, Paternoster Row.) This is a concise and clear statement of modern theological opinion from the Arminian stand-point. We cordially commend this book to those who are desirous of obtaining some knowledge of the modern controversy. We know none of its kind better. The author is well acquainted with the writings of the men of whom he writes. He enters into their method heartily. It is a most interesting, and, for its size, a very competent book.

**C**HRI<sup>ST</sup>, *the Light of the World : Biblical Studies on the First Ten Chapters of St. John's Gospel*. By Rudolf Besser, D.D. Translated from the German by M. G. Huxtable. (Edinburgh : T. and T. Clark.) This is the title of a book which, although not large, speaks to us, wherever we have opened it, with great freshness and beauty. It contains the marrow and material of much thought and devotion ; the spirit of a reverent scholar appears in every page ; and without any of the encumbrances of philology and criticism, so valuable to the student, but often so interceptive to ordinary readers of the stream and succession of the author's style, and even to the full flow of thought in the mind of the reader.

**O**NE of the most beautiful volumes, even of Messrs Nelson's ordinarily beautiful books, is *The Banqueting House ; or, Communion Addresses*. By J. S. Spencer, D.D. Author of a 'Pastor's Sketches' (Thomas Nelson & Sons). It is a volume of sacramental meditations. Dr. Spencer's name will guarantee to the reader the fulness of evangelical sentiment contained in its brightly-printed pages—the sacramental spirit glows along every line. Such a book is greatly needed. Revolting from the sacrifice of the Mass, that horrible impiety, many protestants approach the table of our Lord with sad unpreparedness. The service of the Lord's Supper has sometimes seemed to us one of the coldest services of the sanctuary. Refusing to give a week's preparation with the Church of England, some ministers and people give no preparation at all.

We would counsel all who bow before this most blessed ordinance, one of the Church's most choice and precious privileges and heraldries, to read these meditations of Dr. Spencer. They will do much to create an atmosphere of holiness, and clothe the mind in feelings suitable to the most solemn and hallowed of all the services of the sanctuary.

WE can do no more than call our reader's attention to the three exhaustive volumes of Dr. Ure, on Manufactures, published by Mr. Bohn. *The Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain, Investigated and Illustrated; with an introductory view of its comparative state in foreign countries.* By the late Andrew Ure, M.D., F.R.S., to which is added, *A Supplement, completing the Statistical and Manufacturing information to the present time.* By P. L. Simmons, F.S.S. In two volumes, with 150 original figures. (H. G. Bohn, London). Also, *The Philosophy of Manufactures; or, an Exposition of the Scientific, Moral, and Commercial Economy of the Factory System of Great Britain.* By the late Andrew Ure, M.D., F.R.S. Third Edition. Continued in its details to the present time. By P. L. Simmons, F.S.S. (H. G. Bohn). It will be sufficient to mention these volumes; their character is well known. Mr. Bohn has included them in his Scientific Library, and has thus placed, what have hitherto been most costly volumes, within the reach of all readers. In the present state of the cotton market and manufacture, it may be supposed that even millions of persons will be desirous to obtain a clear view and history of the trade in these volumes; such a view is most admirably and comprehensively given.

WE have a fine book for the boys, in *Walks Abroad and Evenings at Home* (Houlston and Wright). 'The Adventures of Prince Pretty in the World of Insect Wonders,' deserved publication by itself. A little correction, with illustrations somewhat of the same design, but a little better in execution, and it would make a delightful book for the young. It is a very happy translation of Kirby and Spence's 'Entomological Discoveries and Excursions,' with language and imagery which all intelligent youngsters must love. And, indeed, we do injustice to this admirable fairy tale, by limiting it to such an audience. Should any of our readers be desirous of making the acquaintance of our wonderful 'fellow mortals' of the insect world, and seeing in a familiar and homely missing link kind of fashion, the ins and outs of their extraordinary habitations, we advise them to follow Prince Pretty in his grand tour. The author has no doubt been indebted to that beautiful book, 'The Episodes of Insect Life,' although no reference is made to it. The volume contains also the true story of Reynard the Fox, and many another pleasant affair. It is an admirable book for young folks whose heads are set on the right way.